

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

DARK UNIVERSE

BY GUY ADAMS

RECORDING DATES: TBC

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

A traveller in time and space.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

The CEO of A Charitable Earth, used to travel in time and space.

THE ELEVEN/ ELEVEN DROIDS: MARK BONNAR

Fractured Time Lord, Eleven regenerations sharing the same body/
Robots programmed with the Eleven's individual personalities.

OLLISTRA: CAROLYN PICKLES

Time Lord Cardinal.

RASMUS: DAMIAN LYNCH

Time Lord Captain.

GABRIEL:

(M, 40s+, any ethnicity) South American guide and hunter.

DARK CITIZEN:

(M/F, any age, any ethnicity) It wants to own your universe.
Terrifying and utterly alien.

Others:

GUARD (M/F) (Sc 3)

TRIBE LEADER (M/F) Lost South American tribe chief (Sc 15, 17, 38)

TIME LORD (M/F) (Sc 37)

TIME LORD 2 (M/F) (Sc 37)

WILDTRACKS: AUDIENCE (Sc 11, 12); **TRIBE** (Sc 18, 22); **TIME LORDS**
(Sc 37); **MALE SECURITY GUARD** (Sc 46); **MUSEUM STAFF** (Sc 50)

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY

SCRIPT EDITOR: MATT FITTON

PRODUCER: EMMA HAIGH & DAVID RICHARDSON

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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NOTES: THE ELEVEN

A Time Lord criminal whose previous personas come to the fore at inopportune times of excitement and stress. These are:

ELEVEN (ONE):

(FUSSY, OLD) Fussy old archivist, pedantic and knowledgeable on many Gallifreyan secrets.

ELEVEN (TWO):

(CALM, CHARMING) Calm, reasonable, convincing, charming, liar and manipulator.

ELEVEN (THREE):

(CHILDISH, PETULANT) A childish, playful self-centred persona, prone to petulant tantrums if crossed.

ELEVEN (FOUR):

(SOPHISTICATED, SUPERIOR) Sophisticated game-player, convinced of his own intellectual superiority.

ELEVEN (FIVE):

(COCKY, CONCEITED) Wise-cracking and confident trickster. The joker in the pack.

ELEVEN (SIX):

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) A crazed psychopath, prone to arbitrary acts of murder.

ELEVEN (SEVEN):

(PRECISE, ANALYTICAL) Precise and clinically analytical scientist, prefers elegant solutions.

ELEVEN (EIGHT):

(DECENT, HONEST) A short-lived but thoroughly decent man living with the torment of what his other lives have done.

ELEVEN (NINE):

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Greedy kleptomaniac, wants to steal everything and can't let anything go.

ELEVEN (TEN):

(DECEITFUL, HYPNOTIC) A deceitful mesmerist, capable of hypnotic control.

ELEVEN:

(COLD, RUTHLESS) Cold-as-steel gentleman, uptight and utterly ruthless.

EPISODE ONE:

1. INT. STRAW HUT.

FX. WE OPEN ON THE SOUNDS OF JUNGLE AND THEN CROSS TO INSIDE A STRAW HUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A TRIBAL VILLAGE. THE DOCTOR ENTERS, WALKS A FEW PACES ACROSS STRAW FLOOR AND SITS DOWN ON A WICKER SEAT THAT CREAKS SLIGHTLY.

DOCTOR:

(WITH A SMILE) Are we sitting comfortably? (BEAT) Then we'll begin.

MUSIC: CRASH IN OPENING THEME.

2. INT. HUT.

FX. THE DOCTOR SHIFTS SLIGHTLY ON HIS WICKER SEAT. THE DISTANT SOUND OF JUNGLE SOUNDS, OXEN BRAYING.

DOCTOR:

Stories. I've told a few in my time. Been in a few too.

Stories are like people. They come in all sorts of shapes and sizes. They can be unruly, and complicated. They can get out of hand. They can be funny, they can be scary... (BEAT OF CONTEMPLATION) they can be sad.

(PULLS HIMSELF OUT OF HIS MOOD, CHEERFUL ONCE MORE) My favourite stories, the ones that fill my life, tend to be adventure stories. They move quickly, packed full of danger, mystery... villains. (BEAT) Monsters. Oh yes... So many monsters...

CUT TO.

3. CAPITOL, GALLIFREY.

FX. THE BLAST OF A STASER CUTTING THROUGH THE PREVIOUS SCENE, THE SOUND OF THE CAPITOL ALARMS (CF. INVASION OF TIME) THE ELEVEN RUNNING.

ELEVEN: (SIX)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Who taught you to shoot? Were they blind?
(LAUGHS)

FX. HE SKIDS TO A HALT.

ELEVEN:
Ah...

FX. THE SOUND OF A STASER BEING CHARGED.

GUARD:
Cocky.

ELEVEN:
With good reason. Gallifrey thinks it's the most impregnable place in the Universe.

ELEVEN: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) But I've stolen more things from here than I can count! (LAUGHS) So many pretty things!

GUARD:
Well, you're not stealing that. The order's gone out that we're to shoot on sight. So, tell me, why shouldn't I just kill you?

ELEVEN: (SIX)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) No idea! I certainly enjoyed killing your friends! So do it!

ELEVEN:
No need to encourage him, Six.

GUARD:
I need very little encouragement.

FX. STASER FIRE.

FX. THE GUARD FALLS OVER, THOUGH FOR A MOMENT WE SHOULD BE UNSURE WHO WAS HIT. UNTIL...

ELEVEN:
You enjoyed waiting didn't you?

ACE:
Worried I might have let him kill you?

ELEVEN:

Never. We're good friends you and I. No?

FX. OFF, MORE GUARDS RUNNING TOWARDS THEM.

ACE:

More of them. You've got what we came for so let's go.

ELEVEN:

After you!

FX. THEY RUN OFF ALONG THE CORRIDOR. WE CROSS BACK TO THE HUT, THE SOUND OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS FADING AS THE JUNGLE SOUNDS RISE UP.

4. INT. HUT.

DOCTOR:

(SAD) Of course some monsters can't help what they are. Like dark jewels, compressed over time, hardened and hardened... (SIGHS)
Until they could cut almost anything.

FX. WE CROSS TO THE NEXT SCENE, THE SOUND OF BOOTED SOLDIERS
MARCHING ALONG A JETTY.

5. EXT. JETTY.

FX. THE BOOTS COME TO A HALT, THE COCKING OF SEVERAL RIFLES.

ACE:

(SIGHS) Calm down boys.

FX. SHE SHAKES OUT SOME PAPER CLEARANCE DOCUMENTS.

ACE:

Our clearance to enter. Signed by the Minister for Indigenous Rights. I'm Dorothy McShane, CEO of A Charitable Earth.

FX. A SOLDIER TAKES THE PAPER. GABRIEL WALKS UP TO JOIN ACE.

GABRIEL:

And I am Gabriel Pereira, licensed guide.

BEAT.

GABRIEL:

Chatty are they not?

ACE:

Armed like that, they don't need to be.

FX. THE PAPER IS HANDED BACK. THE SOLDIER CLAPS HIS HANDS AND WE HEAR RIFLES BEING EASED OFF. THE SOLDIERS WALK OFF.

ACE:

Bye then. I take it this means we're safe to carry on.

GABRIEL:

We have permission, yes. Safe? I do not know about that.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

6. EXT. RIVERBOAT.

FX. THE CHUGGING OF THE BOAT AS IT MOVES UP THE RIVER, JUNGLE SOUNDS HERE AND THERE, OFF.

ELEVEN: (THREE)
(CHILDISH, PETULANT) Are we nearly there yet?

ACE:
That just has to be three.

ELEVEN:
Yes, actually, you're getting rather good at telling them apart.

ACE:
I have some experience of changeable men.

ELEVEN:
(CHUCKLES) Don't you just. Although, in fairness, he stuck to one regeneration at a time. I don't know how he has the patience.

ACE:
Patience? Or arrogance. He always knew he was the best. Whichever regeneration he was in.

ELEVEN:
Well now, we all think that.

ELEVEN: (FIVE)
(COCKY, CONCEITED) Some of us even know it!

ELEVEN: (FOUR)
(SOPHISTICATED, SUPERIOR) Really, Five? The day I regenerated into you I lost so many braincells I had to stop wearing laces.

ELEVEN:
Shut up! Both of you!

ACE:
You need patience talking to you. If we'd done this twenty years ago, I'd have just blown you up.

ELEVEN:
What a charming girl you were.

ACE:
I'd definitely have blown you up if you called me "girl".

FX. GABRIEL WALKS OVER.

GABRIEL:
According to your co-ordinates we should be there in about three hours. Wherever there actually is.

ACE:

And he's our guide.

ELEVEN:

(CHUCKLES)

GABRIEL:

Guide, yes, and a good one, but you're going where nobody else has ever been.

FX. CUT TO.

7. INT. HUT.

FX. THE DOCTOR LEANS FORWARD WITH A SHARP CREAK, CROSS.

DOCTOR:

Of course other people had been there! "Other people" called it home!

It's that sort of arrogance, self-importance, that makes me wish tribes like you could have lived in isolation a little longer.

(SIGHS) Listen to me, advocating such a thing, you can take the Time Lord out of Gallifrey...

FX. CUT BACK TO THE BOAT.

8. EXT. BOAT.

FX. CHUGGING OF THE ENGINE, GENERAL JUNGLE SOUNDS.

ELEVEN:

I can assure you, the place we're heading to isn't as empty as you might think.

GABRIEL:

If you know so much, why did you bother to hire me?

ACE:

Good question.

ELEVEN:

Perhaps I like having a spare.

GABRIEL:

Spare what?

ELEVEN:

Human. In case I break one.

ACE:

(QUIET, THREATENING) Oi...

ELEVEN:

I'm joking! Honestly... You people, so thin-skinned.

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Literally! (LAUGHS)

GABRIEL:

(SOTTO, TO ACE) Your friend, is he quite sane?

ACE:

Of course not. So watch yourself.

GABRIEL:

So what is there? At these co-ordinates? Other than jungle?

ELEVEN:

(SUDDENLY SERIOUS) Hell.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC STING.

9. INT. HUT.

FX. THE CREAK OF THE WICKER.

DOCTOR:

Hell. How many places have claimed to be that over the centuries?

(BEAT) This one has more right to the name than any.

(BEAT, SCARED.) I'm beginning to wonder if I should be telling you this...

FX. WE CROSS BACK TO THE BOAT.

10. EXT. BOAT.

FX. GABRIEL WALKING UP TO ACE.

GABRIEL:

We are almost there, just around the next bend in fact.

ACE:

Good. He's below deck. (BEAT) Don't worry, I'll go and fetch him.

GABRIEL:

(HALF UNDER HIS BREATH) Must you?

ACE:

You knew what we were getting in to when you were hired. Besides, I've researched you...

GABRIEL:

(SMUG) Have you now?

ACE:

Of course. (BEAT) You're scum.

GABRIEL:

Hey!

ACE:

Running drugs, weapons, people... It's "guides" like you that A Charitable Earth do their best to put out of business.

GABRIEL:

(ANGRY) Oh, and you are so special, huh? Rich little white woman with your charity? So pure! So innocent!

ACE:

(REMORSEFUL RATHER THAN ANGRY) Pure? Innocent? Do me a favour, mate. You don't know me at all.

GABRIEL:

I know you must be an idiot if you are in business with him?

ACE:

Like you are? (BEAT) I have my reasons.

FX. A WHOOSHING SOUND OF A FLASHBACK.

11. INT. ACE'S OFFICE.

FX. HEAVY DOOR OPENS AND ACE WALKS IN, SLIGHT SWISHING OF HER SUIT AND THUD OF HER HEELED SHOES ON CARPET AS SHE CROSSES TO HER DESK. SHE PRESSES A BUTTON ON AN INTERCOM.

ACE:

Jason? Hold all calls will you? The fundraiser was murder. If I have to talk to another human I'll likely scream.

FX. SHE KICKS OFF HER SHOES AND COLLAPSES INTO A CUSHIONED OFFICE CHAIR.

ACE:

(HAPPY SIGH)

ELEVEN:

(CLEARS THROAT) As I'm not human, I'm hoping we can keep the screaming to a minimum?

FX. A SUDDEN BURST OF MOVEMENT, ACE PULLING OPEN A DRAWER, TAKING OUT A LASER GUN AND POWERING IT UP.

ACE:

I'm not really the screaming type.

ELEVEN:

You're terribly quick! Very good reactions, yes, very good.

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZY, MANIACAL) And armed with a laser!

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) A KORTUS 420, with repeat firing and perpetual charge. I want it! It's lovely! Give it to me!

ACE:

You can't have it. I'll let you see it in action though. Briefly. Unless you tell me how you got in here.

ELEVEN:

Of course, on this planet and in this time period, you shouldn't have it either, should you? Still, I'm not a stickler for that sort of thing. Or locked doors for that matter... TARDISES cut through so many of the boring things in life.

ACE:

(SIGHS) A Time Lord. With multiple personalities? (BEAT) The Eleven?

ELEVEN:

You do know of me? How nice. But then... I know of you too. May I use your television?

FX. A BEEP FROM A GADGET, THEN THE TV SWITCHES ON, SLIGHTLY OFF. IT'S SHOWING FOOTAGE OF A TALK ACE GAVE AT A CONFERENCE.

ACE: (SLIGHTLY OFF/D.)

I know you've probably read the various articles published about me. Honestly, I'm booooring, how desperate are these people to fill their Sunday supplements?

AUDIENCE: (D.)

(GENERAL, GOOD-NATURED LAUGHTER)

ELEVEN:

Boring? I think not.

FX. WE CROSS TO THE TALK ACE IS GIVING ONSCREEN, SO THAT THE ACTION BECOMES 'LIVE'.

12. INT. CONFERENCE HALL.

FX. ACE AT THE PODIUM, SPEAKING THROUGH A MICROPHONE.

ACE:

So yes, I had a couple of minor misdemeanours in my youth. Nothing that most of the current cabinet couldn't beat if we were to compare charge sheets.

AUDIENCE:

(LAUGHTER)

ACE:

I decided I needed to make a change, I could see where my life was going. I went travelling. I went... Well, far and wide, shall we say?

I saw a lot of stuff. Did a lot of stuff... (BEAT) And that was good. Great in fact. But sometimes you swap one problem for another, don't you? You think you're getting away from bad influences and then you realise you've just made things worse.

The man I travelled with... An older man -- you wouldn't believe how old he was -- he... well, it took me a long time to come to terms with what he put me through. A very emotionally abusive time and one that I have since spent far too much money in therapy trying to fix.

AUDIENCE:

(LAUGHTER)

ACE:

Until I finally gave up and decided that maybe I couldn't fix me. (BEAT) But I could fix other people...

FX. WE CUT BACK TO HER OFFICE.

13. INT. ACE'S OFFICE.

FX. ACE STILL SPEAKING FROM THE TV.

ACE: (D. OFF)

So I set up A Charitable Earth and--

FX. THE ELEVEN SWITCHES OFF THE TV.

ELEVEN:

You're talking about the Doctor. I know. I know all about him. I know everything he's done.

ELEVEN: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) Everything he's going to do in fact!

ELEVEN:

Hush now, One, spoilers!

ACE:

So what? Yes, I was talking about the Doctor.

ELEVEN:

You really hate him don't you? I could see it in your eyes. You were trying not to show it, trying to keep your feelings hidden but... well, I know all about repression. What did he do to you?

ACE:

Treated me like a puppet. A tool. One he threw away in the end.

ELEVEN:

Yes... That sounds like him. Does love a pet. For a bit. (BEAT)
Want to make him pay?

(BEAT)

ACE:

What do you have in mind?

ELEVEN:

Vale do Javari, [*pronounced: VALL-AY DOE SJHA-VARRAY*] Brazil. One of the most jealously guarded areas on Earth. Virtually impossible to enter (BEAT) unless your charity already has links with the Ministry for Indigenous Peoples of course, and the sort of reputation and clout that might see a small party given permission.

ACE:

And what makes you think I would allow A Charitable Earth to back such a trip?

ELEVEN:

It would break the Doctor's hearts.

(BEAT)

ACE:

(LOW, INTERESTED) Tell me more.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

14. EXT. ROWBOAT/JUNGLE RIVERSIDE.

FX. A SMALL BOAT BEING ROWED TO SHORE, ONLY ONE SET OF OARS.

ELEVEN:

And now I know why I hired you.

GABRIEL:

(EFFORT OF ROWING) You pay me, I row, who cares?

ELEVEN:

How I love this planet, you can buy people so easily.

ACE:

Not everyone.

ELEVEN:

By all means think that.

FX. THE BOAT NUDGES INTO THE SHALLOWS, SCRAPING ON THE RIVERBED.

ELEVEN:

Here we are... After you Ms McShane.

FX. ACE STEPS OUT INTO THE SHALLOW WATER, FOLLOWED BY THE ELEVEN AND GABRIEL, THEY PULL THE BOAT ASHORE.

ELEVEN, GABRIEL, ACE:

(EFFORT OF CLAMBERING OUT AND THEN PULLING THE BOAT ASHORE)

FX. OFF A PARTICULARLY LOUD MONKEY SCREECH.

ACE:

Someone's pleased to see us.

FX. THE SOUND OF A RIFLE BEING COCKED.

GABRIEL:

I assure you, on this stretch of river, nobody will be pleased to see you. So, be ready to show your displeasure first.

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) I like him! He has the right stuff!

ACE:

You would say that, six, you psycho. Nobody shoots until I say so, that's the deal.

GABRIEL:

(SMIRKS)

ACE:

Something funny?

GABRIEL:

You western women with your hashtags and your posturing. I do not wait for a woman to tell me when to act.

ACE:

Oh really?

ELEVEN:

(CHUCKLES, KNOWING WHAT'S TO COME)

FX. ACE PUNCHES GABRIEL AND HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

ACE:

(EFFORT OF PUNCHING)

GABRIEL:

(RESPONSE, FALLING)

ACE:

Don't wait for me to tell you to get up.

GABRIEL:

I will make you pay for that!

ELEVEN:

No you won't Gabriel. My companion could tear you to pieces should she wish.

ACE:

(FLAT, HE'S HIT A NERVE) Not companion.

ELEVEN:

I suppose it does make me sound like a dowager aunt.

ACE:

That was his word.

ELEVEN:

Ah... Friend?

ACE:

Colleague will do.

ELEVEN:

(THEATRICAL SHIVER) So cold. Fine, colleague it is... Shall we explore?

MUSIC: SEGUE.

15. EXT. JUNGLE.

FX. THE THREE OF THEM PUSHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE. THEY STOP.

ACE:

(SPOTTING SOMETHING CURIOUS) That tree...

ELEVEN:

Fancy swinging from it? I believe your recent ancestors enjoyed such things.

ACE:

It's a Gilboa tree. Prehistoric species. Extinct.

GABRIEL:

What are you talking about? Of course it is not extinct, it is there.

ACE:

Our guide doesn't even understand the local ecology. You really did get the best didn't you?

ELEVEN:

He was cheap.

GABRIEL:

It is there!

ACE:

And it shouldn't be, that's my point.

ELEVEN: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) It's to be expected. This area is bound to be suffering from unusual ecology.

GABRIEL:

The Vale do Javari is a mystical area.

ACE:

Mystical? Hardly that. Unexplored doesn't mean magic.

ELEVEN:

No, but to a small minded human the gate may seem like magic. Certainly when they see what it's presence does to local flora and fauna.

GABRIEL:

Gate? What gate?

ACE:

You haven't told him then?

ELEVEN:

Of course not, he's staff.

GABRIEL:

I would like an answer to my question!

ELEVEN:

Of course you would. It is the Dark Gate. Now, a clever person would have asked where the gate led, not what it was called but there you go.

FX. SOMETHING LARGE MOVING TOWARDS THEM THROUGH THE FOLIAGE. A GROWL. IT'S A DIRE WOLF, A VERY LARGE, PREHISTORIC WOLF.

GABRIEL:

Wolf!

FX. THE CLICK OF HIS RIFLE.

ACE:

No! You don't shoot.

FX. CLICK OF HER RIFLE.

ACE:

Or I shoot you. I had a rule on this expedition. No shooting unless absolutely necessary.

GABRIEL:

Necessary? Idiot woman! The size of it! It is not normal! It will kill us!

ACE:

Don't worry, you won't be alive to see it, unless you lower your rifle.

FX. SOUND OF A LASER GUN. THE WOLF HOWLS.

ACE:

Eleven! No!

FX. THE WOLF FALLS OVER.

ELEVEN:

Ms McShane. You do not run this expedition. I do. Your 'rules' are something I take under advisement. That's all. But before you get trigger happy yourself, you'll notice it's still breathing. I only stunned it.

ACE:

(RELIEF) Thank you.

ELEVEN:

It wasn't a sop to your sentiment, it was a matter of self preservation. I had one shot, I couldn't guarantee an instant kill but I could guarantee unconsciousness. I'll happily kill anything if it's in my way.

FX. A SUDDEN BURST OF MOVEMENT AND, ALL AROUND THEM, THE SOUND OF LASERS POWERING UP.

ACE:

Let's hope these people don't feel the same way.

GABRIEL:

The local tribe!

ELEVEN:

Armed with laser weapons? That seems delightfully unlikely.

GABRIEL:

They have powers undreamt of outside the Vale do Javari.

ELEVEN:

That seems unlikely too.

TRIBE LEADER:

You will surrender your weapons and submit to our authority.

ACE:

Will we?

ELEVEN:

What do you think Ms McShane?

CUT TO.

16. INT. ACE'S OFFICE.

ELEVEN:

No killing unless absolutely necessary. Booring.

ACE:

But part of the deal.

ELEVEN:

As long as we agree that I get a vote in what is deemed "necessary" then fine.

ELEVEN: (THREE)

(CHILDISH, PETULANT) She's no fun!

ELEVEN:

For once, Three, I agree.

ACE:

But you'll do it because you need me.

ELEVEN:

Oh... Need is a very strong word.

ACE:

Not to get in there, you could get around that easily enough, you have a TARDIS. You need me to hurt him. I know why you're really asking me along.

ELEVEN:

Fair enough. Although I will admit I can't use the TARDIS. The gate compromises its systems, dematerialise within a hundred miles of it and I could flip the planet on its axis.

ELEVEN: (SEVEN)

(PRECISE, ANALYTICAL) Which is such an ugly way of destroying a planet.

ELEVEN:

Quite, Seven, and you can't bear ugliness can you?

ACE:

Well I can't bear the Earth being destroyed so, OK, I'll get us in. I have pull with the Brazilian government.

ELEVEN:

And I'll do my best not to kill people.

FX. HE PULLS OUT A LASER, AND CHARGES IT.

ELEVEN:

Not the same model as yours but a respectable pulse gun with a variety of stun settings. And in the handgrip there's this.

FX. THE SOUND OF HIM SLIDING A TUBE OUT OF THE GRIP (REMINISCENT OF A MAGAZINE SLIDING OUT OF A HAND-GUN GRIP)

ACE:

Extra charge?

ELEVEN:

Not quite. If you see me pop this you're going to want to close your eyes. It releases a trigger pulse that can knock out a room full of people. Press that button and you'll have people asleep quicker than when you give one of your keynote speeches. (WITH A GRIN) But only just.

ACE:

It's sweet that you think I care about your opinion. Does it recharge?

ELEVEN:

Eventually, but once you use this the gun's out of action for a few hours.

ACE:

So only to be used as a last resort... What else have you got?

CUT TO.

17. EXT. JUNGLE.

FX. BACK TO THE JUNGLE, THE TRIBE MOVING CLOSER.

TRIBE LEADER:

I will not say again. Drop all your weapons and submit to our authority.

ELEVEN:

No.

FX. HE PRESSES A BUTTON, THE SUDDEN BUILD OF ENERGY.

ACE:

Gabriel... Close your-- [eyes].

FX. AND *BOOM* A HUGE PULSE OF LIGHT PULSES THROUGH THE SCENE CUTTING OFF HER LINE. SILENCE AND THEN...

CUT TO.

18. EXT. JUNGLE.

FX. GABRIEL BEING PULLED THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH BY ACE. SHE AND THE ELEVEN MOVING QUICKLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO GET AWAY FROM THE TRIBE.

GABRIEL:

(CONFUSED) Hmm? What... What happened? There was light and then.... (FULLY AWAKE) Let go of me!

FX. ACE DROPS HIM.

ACE:

You're lucky I dragged you away. A "thank you" wouldn't be out of order.

FX. GABRIEL GETS TO HIS FEET AND SHUFFLES TO KEEP UP WITH THEM.

GABRIEL:

What happened? What did you do?

ELEVEN:

I got us out of there. That's what.

ACE:

But if he's awake then they will be too.

ELEVEN:

Ah... he was a useful timer, that's why you insisted on bringing him with us, I thought there must be a sensible reason.

ACE:

That and saving his life.

ELEVEN:

I said a sensible reason.

FX. OFF THE SOUND OF THE TRIBE ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

TRIBE WILDTRACK: (OFF)

(ASSORTED CRIES AND WHISTLES, A RELENTLESS HUNTING MACHINE SPREADING OUT INTO THE JUNGLE AND COMMUNICATING WITH ONE ANOTHER, THE NOISE CARRIES ON UNDER THE FOLLOWING.)

ACE:

They're fanning out, combing the jungle.

ELEVEN: (FOUR)

(SOPHISTICATED, SUPERIOR) Of course they are. These people have spent generations guarding the gate, do you think they don't know how to deal with the three of you? Now, if I'd been planning this mission--

ELEVEN:

Shut up Four! If you were that clever then I'd still be wearing your face!

ACE:

We need to find somewhere to hide. They're fast and they'll have people moving up on either side, cutting us off.

GABRIEL:

You do not know them, there is no way we can escape!

ELEVEN:

It takes more than a few savages with laser guns to stop me.

ACE:

Hey!

ELEVEN:

Before you accuse me of being a bigot, I would like to point out that to me you're all savages. Follow me, savages!

FX. HE GOES RUNNING OFF, LEFT.

ACE:

Come on, he probably knows what he's doing.

FX. ACE AND GABRIEL FOLLOW ON AFTER THE ELEVEN. WE CROSS BACK TO THE DOCTOR IN THE HUT.

19. INT. HUT.

FX. THE DOCTOR GETS UP FROM HIS WICKER STOOL.

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS)

FX. AND STARTS TO WALK AROUND.

DOCTOR:
Waiting, waiting, waiting, I do so hate waiting.

I've had to entirely give up on Wagner. It's not the politics. When you've fought a Dalek you can handle the politics. It's the sitting in one place for hours that breaks me.

FX. HE STOPS PACING.

DOCTOR:
Ace is quite right of course. The Eleven is many things -- many people in fact -- but none of them are entirely stupid. He knew exactly how to avoid the hunters. Of course he did.

FX. WE CUT BACK TO THE JUNGLE OUTSIDE.

20. INT. JUNGLE.

FX. ACE AND GABRIEL RUNNING ALONG, WE CAN HEAR THE ELEVEN JUST A LITTLE WAY AHEAD.

ELEVEN: (OFF)
Come on!

FX. GABRIEL STOPS RUNNING, ACE STOPPING JUST AFTER.

GABRIEL:
That tree.

ACE:
Oh... Yes... I see what you mean... It is... unusual.

GABRIEL:
Unusual? You could fit a tower block inside it! How did we not see it before?

ACE:
Maybe it didn't want us to.

FX. OFF, THE SOUND OF THE TRIBE GETTING CLOSER.

TRIBESPERSON: (OFF, RIGHT)
(LOUD WHISTLE)

TRIBESPERSON: (OFF, LEFT)
(SHARP CALL IN RESPONSE TO THE WHISTLE.)

ACE:
They're getting closer, we need to move, come on!

CUT TO.

21. INT. HUT.

FX. THE DOCTOR POPS OPEN HIS UMBRELLA.

DOCTOR:

Just think! The largest tree on the planet! Its branches throwing shade across a mile of jungle. And yet... invisible until you were almost on top of it! What a wonder!

(BEAT) Hang on... Isn't it bad luck to open your umbrella indoors? Do you think that's actually true?

Of course, luck is a reductive misrepresentation of statistical prediction but still...

FX. HE CLOSES HIS UMBRELLA.

DOCTOR:

I've had a lot of negative statistical prediction of late. Why risk it, eh?

CUT TO.

22. EXT. DARK TREE.

FX. THE FOOT OF THE HUGE TREE DISCUSSED IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE, THERE SHOULD BE THE OCCASIONAL CREAK OF ITS BRANCHES, HUGE AND HEAVY LIKE A SAILING SHIP. WE CAN HEAR ACE AND GABRIEL RUNNING TOWARDS US.

ELEVEN: (THREE)
(CHILDISH, PETULANT) Quickly! Why are you so annoyingly slow?

ACE: (MOVING IN)
Shut up Three, or I'll smack you and put you to bed.

ELEVEN:
Charming. Get inside, both of you.

GABRIEL:
Get inside? But it is a tree.

ELEVEN:
A tree that you can get inside. Obviously.

ACE:
No sign of a door. Camouflaged?

ELEVEN:
Very. Walk this way.

FX. THE SOUND OF SOMEONE MOVING THROUGH SOMETHING LIQUID AND THICK, A GLOOPY MENISCUS BEING PARTED AS HE STEPS INSIDE THE TREE.

GABRIEL:
It just swallowed him whole! No way am I doing that, no way!

ACE:
Fine, I'll leave you to explain to all the people with the laser guns why we're trespassing, shall I?

FX. SHE FOLLOWS THE ELEVEN. OFF, WE CAN FAINTLY HEAR THE SOUND OF THE TRIBE.

TRIBE WILDTRACK:
(HUNTING CALLS AND WHISTLES)

GABRIEL:
The pay... it is not enough....

FX. HE FOLLOWS AFTER THEM.

CUT TO.

23. INT. DARK TREE.

FX. CAVE ATMOSPHERE. OCCASIONALLY THE DISTANT CREAKING OF THE BRANCHES OUTSIDE, LIKE BEING IN THE BELLY OF A CAVERNOUS BOAT. A "GLOOP" OF GABRIEL APPEARING.

GABRIEL:

So cold! Walking through that... that.... What did I just walk through?

ELEVEN:

You breached a bubble environment attached to the event horizon of a dimensional shift, trust me, being a touch chilly is the least of your concerns.

GABRIEL:

(PANIC NOW BUBBLING OUT OF HIM) I don't know what you're talking about!

ACE:

Don't worry about it.

GABRIEL:

Don't worry about it? I should never have taken this job...

ELEVEN:

But you did, and took a down payment, so shut up and stand in the corner where I don't have to look at you.

ACE:

Surely the tribe will want to check in here? Isn't this the first place they'd look?

ELEVEN:

They'll assume we can't get in. Most people couldn't make head nor tail of the security lock on the outside. Of course to someone like me...

ACE:

Who has spent more than his fair share of the centuries breaking out of places.

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Or breaking in, to steal all the lovely, shiny things that should always have been mine.

ACE:

So, we're in, now what? Where's this gate?

ELEVEN:

Some considerable walk away I'm afraid but it hardly matters.

FX. HE PULLS A GADGET FROM HIS POCKET. BEEPING SOUNDS AS HE BEGINS OPERATING IT.

ELEVEN:

We may have breached the entrance here but that's just a buffer zone, a foyer if you will. To gain full access to the Dark Gate we're going to have to wait for the correct stellar alignment. Crossing Event Horizons is hard work. Walk a hundred feet in that direction and you'll find yourself hitting the sort of solid wall that physics gets smug over.

ACE:

So what are we supposed to do now?

FX. THE GADGET GIVES A CLIMACTIC BLEEP AS IT OFFERS UP SOME INFO.

ELEVEN:

We wait, for eleven hours and thirty two minutes apparently. How annoying.

ELEVEN: (THREE)

(CHILDISH, PETULANT) Eleven hours! I can't wait eleven hours! I'll go mad!

ACE:

Or, you know, "madder".

GABRIEL:

Eleven hours? That is nothing.

FX. HE PULLS OFF HIS BACKPACK.

GABRIEL:

I shall make food for us.

ELEVEN:

Bless it, look, it's trying to sound as if it's in control. Don't bother making food for me, there's no way I can stand eleven hours in your company.

FX. HE SITS DOWN ON THE DUSTY FLOOR.

ELEVEN:

I shall switch off for a bit.

ELEVEN: (TWO)

(CALM, CHARMING) You don't get by having this busy a brain without being able to meditate you know.

ELEVEN: (THREE)

(CHILDISH, PETULANT) No! Not boring trances! I hate boring...
(FALLS INTO SILENCE)

ELEVEN:

There. Peace. Lovely.

GABRIEL:

Wait, this gate, you still have not said what it is.

ELEVEN:

(CALM, MEDITATIVE) It is the gate to Hell. Open it and the universe, the whole universe, is over.

GABRIEL:

And what would you want with such a thing?

(BEAT)

GABRIEL:

I said--

ACE:

Shush, he's gone, look, spaced out. (BEAT) Lucky for him.

GABRIEL:

Well you tell me then!

ACE:

You ever think it's a bit stupid to take on a job without knowing what you're signing up for?

GABRIEL:

I am just a guide, it usually pays not to ask questions.

ACE:

Then stop asking them.

MUSIC: SEGUE

24. INT. HUT/EXT. VILLAGE.

FX. NIGHT SOUNDS OF THE JUNGLE OUTSIDE.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS. A BEAT. THEN, VERY QUIET) Ask no questions, get told no lies. What a thought.

FX. ACE WALKS IN.

DOCTOR:

(QUIET) Hello Ace. Shush... I'm trying not to wake her.

FX. ACE WALKS A FEW FEET.

ACE:

(QUIET) She's beautiful. How old?

DOCTOR:

(QUIET) A mere breath. A heartbeat. But then you all are, comparatively. I've been telling her the story to get her to sleep.

ACE:

(QUIET) It worked.

(BEAT)

ACE:

(QUIET) So did the bug I assume?

DOCTOR:

(QUIET) Loud and clear, I've been listening to every word. Let's go outside.

FX. HE GETS UP FROM THE SEAT AND THE TWO OF THEM MAKE THEIR WAY OUTSIDE. THE NIGHT SOUNDS GET LOUDER.

DOCTOR:

I'm still listening in fact. Earpiece. The Eleven's in his trance, I can tell from his breathing. As for Gabriel, he has sleep apnea, someone should tell him.

ACE:

I can't pretend to care.

DOCTOR:

Oh Ace, everyone deserves care.

ACE:

Including the guard on Gallifrey?

DOCTOR:

He's fine. Well, getting used to his new face. Your aim was good, he had time to regenerate.

ACE:

I didn't know what else to do.

DOCTOR:

You couldn't break cover. Not on a mission like this. The stakes are too high.

ACE:

You're telling me. The Dark Gate? Please tell me the Eleven's exaggerating when he says it would be the end of the universe if he opens it.

DOCTOR:

Oh no, he's quite right. Of all of Gallifrey's secret weapons this one is, by far, the most lethal.

ACE:

So... what do you want me to do?

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

(WITH A SMILE) Help him open it of course.

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

EPISODE TWO:

MUSIC: THEME.

(NO REPRISE)

25. INT. DARK TREE.

ELEVEN:

(LONG, SLOW SIGH) And here I am, back in the world of monkeys and pigs.

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) (SUDDEN) Get away from my rucksack!

GABRIEL: (OFF)

(DEFENSIVE) I was just moving it, in case it got damp.

ELEVEN:

(MAKES PIG NOISES) If you touch my belongings again I'll chew your fingers off.

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) They're my things! Mine!

GABRIEL:

I would not steal anything! You know I would not! I just woke up, felt it was damp and that your bag should be put somewhere dry.

ELEVEN:

Oh shut up, your lies are too boring to bear. You're right about the change in atmosphere though, that's a good sign.

FX. HIS GADGET BEEPS AN ALARM. HE PICKS IT UP AND PRESSES A BUTTON, CANCELLING THE SOUND.

ELEVEN:

And there we are, convergence. The atmosphere in this place has changed because it just became a lot bigger. A lot bigger. (BEAT) Where's the woman?

GABRIEL:

I do not know, when I woke up she was gone. Perhaps she has--

FX. OVER THE END OF THE ABOVE, ACE MOVING FORWARD A FEW FEET.

ACE:

(INTERRUPTING) I'm here. I was just seeing if the tribe had cleared off. They seem to have given up on us.

ELEVEN:

Never. (BEAT, THEN WITH WEIGHT) Are you sure that's all you were doing?

ACE:

(COCKY, WITH A GRIN) Nah... I was selling you both out to a passing antelope. (SERIOUS) Don't start questioning me, Eleven, I'm here because I want to be. What else could I have been doing?

CUT TO.

26. EXT. VILLAGE. (CONTINUED FROM SCENE 24.)

FX. NIGHT SOUNDS IN THE JUNGLE, GENERAL SOUND OF PEOPLE GOING ABOUT THEIR NIGHTLY BUSINESS, THE CRACKLE OF FIRES ETC.

ACE:

(SHOCK, LOUD) You want me to help him open it?!

DOCTOR:

Shush Ace, you'll wake the baby.

ACE:

Never mind the baby! If I do what you're saying she'll be dead soon anyway, along with the rest of us in this universe!

DOCTOR:

Have a little faith, I'm sure it won't come to that.

ACE:

Are you?

DOCTOR:

Of course. These things usually work out for the best. Now, I've been talking to the tribe leaders and I think they're beginning to trust me.

ACE:

(QUIET, SARCASTIC) And they seemed so clever.

DOCTOR:

Oh they are, you'd have to go some way to find a more advanced group of people on the planet. It makes you wonder what the rest of the world might have accomplished if it hadn't put all its efforts into building weapons.

ACE:

They seemed suitably armed when chasing after us earlier.

DOCTOR:

Defensive weaponry, Ace. That's quite different. They've been protecting the tree for generations, naturally they've developed tools to help them do so.

ACE:

Lethal-looking laser tools, yes.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry, as I say, I think I've managed to convince them to leave you alone. The last thing we want is them getting in the way.

ACE:

(SARCASTIC) Pesky humans, eh? They will keep doing that.

DOCTOR:

Ace, you've become considerably more sarcastic with age.

ACE:

Experience, it brings the cynic out in all of us.

DOCTOR:

Really? I've found quite the opposite to be true. (BEAT) It is lovely to see you again you know, in case I didn't say that already.

ACE:

You didn't. You were too busy trying to control the world as usual.

DOCTOR:

And here I was, thinking I was saving it. (BEAT) I missed you.

ACE:

How long has it been? From your perspective that is. How long since I left?

DOCTOR:

(THROWN) Oh... erm... Well, it's hard to keep track of these things.

ACE:

(DRY) I bet.

DOCTOR:

(REMORSEFUL) Look Ace, you know how I get. Distracted. A little obsessed with things.

ACE:

I remember. You once spent two days locked away in the TARDIS kitchen, trying to come up with an infallible way of predicting where the stone would be in a mango.

DOCTOR:

So much wastage. Such random placement. Such a surly fruit.

ACE:

Two days.

DOCTOR:

(EMBARRASSED) Sometimes I lose all sense of perspective.

(BEAT)

ACE:

Have you lost all sense of perspective today, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

No. You always used to call me professor.

ACE:

Yes, then I became one. I lecture in ecology and sociology. What was it you lectured in again?

DOCTOR:

Oh, most things.

ACE:

(DISAPPROVING) Yes. (BEAT) I'd better get back, we don't want the Eleven noticing I've gone.

DOCTOR:

Oh, he notices everything. He has enough pairs of eyes. Just make sure he doesn't suspect where you've been.

FX. ACE WALKS OFF.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

27. INT. TREE PASSAGE.

FX. THE ELEVEN, GABRIEL AND ACE DESCENDING A NARROW, STEEP PASSAGE. ACE RUBS HER FINGERS ON THE WALL.

ACE:

Rock, warm and damp. Hard to keep your footing when it's this steep.

ELEVEN:

And it'll get warmer and wetter the further down we go.

ACE:

As long as the passages don't get any narrower, I'm not sure we'll manage if they do.

GABRIEL:

Narrow, yes, but I cannot believe the size of this place. It is true what they say, there is as much of a tree beneath the surface as there is above.

ELEVEN:

We're not in the tree.

ACE:

Not anymore.

GABRIEL:

Of course we are in the tree! We never left.

ELEVEN: (FOUR)

(SOPHISTICATED, SUPERIOR) Why on earth are you trying to explain it to him? It's like trying to teach a puppy tennis.

ACE:

Shush, Four. The tree is just a gateway. A way of passing from one place to another. One planet to another in fact.

GABRIEL:

We are on another planet?!

ELEVEN:

See? What's the point? He thinks just shifting from one planet to another is amazing, what hope is there of explaining temporal-fold wormhole technology?

GABRIEL:

(SARCASTIC) What planet?

ELEVEN:

It doesn't have a name. Not anymore.

ACE:

What did it used to be called?

ELEVEN: (ONE)
(FUSSY, OLD) Never you mind! None of your business!

ELEVEN:
Honestly One, sometimes you act as if the secrets of Gallifrey are still worth keeping. I think we've moved a little beyond that don't you?

ACE:
This was the Time Lords' doing?

ELEVEN:
Of course, didn't I tell you that? They built the Dark Gate then didn't dare use it. So they did what they always do in these situations, lock it away somewhere so that other people can't use it either.

GABRIEL:
But we are here, whoever these people are, they did not lock it that well.

FX. THE ELEVEN PULLS OUT THE GADGET FROM EARLIER.

ELEVEN:
We are here thanks to the fact that I stole this from Gallifrey.

GABRIEL:
(SARCASTIC) A smart watch? It tells you how many steps you need to take to get to the moon?

ELEVEN:
It's tiring talking to it, it really is. Do I have to keep explaining? It only makes me cross.

ACE:
Explain it to me. If this thing is so lethal, why didn't the Time Lords just get rid of it? (TO HERSELF) As if they were ever careful with their lethal, ancient artifacts.

ELEVEN:
Time Lords never can make up their minds, can they? They're too acquisitive.

ELEVEN: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) And I would know!

ELEVEN:
(CLEARS THROAT) Shush Nine... So, yes... If the Time Lords really wanted to ensure the Dark Gate could never be used they would have destroyed it. Wiped it entirely from reality. It wouldn't have been easy, the gate would have fought back but... well, Time Lords are very good at destroying things once they put their mind to it. When forced to think multi-temporally, you have to be.

ACE:

(IMPATIENT) So why didn't they?

ELEVEN:

Just in case they might ever want to use it themselves of course. Typical Time Lord greed. Even though they're terrified of something, they can't bear giving up on the idea of having it.

FX. A SCUFFLING SOUND IN THE DARKNESS, AN INSECT THE SIZE OF A CAT, SHUFFLING ITS MANY LEGS ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE ROCK.

GABRIEL:

(PANIC) What was that?

ELEVEN:

Oh, don't worry... (CHUCKLES) Just something that would love to eat you.

FX. GABRIEL STOPS WALKING.

GABRIEL:

(REAL PANIC NOW) What?!

FX. THE SCUTTling AGAIN. ACE AND ELEVEN STOP.

ACE:

It does sound a bit large.

FX. A FINAL SCUTTLE, CUT OFF BY THE ELEVEN SUDDENLY LASHING OUT AND KILLING IT. A GLUTINOUS CRUNCHING.

ELEVEN:

(EFFORT OF LASHING OUT) Ha!

GABRIEL:

(PANICKED CRY) Ah!

FX. THE ELEVEN HOLDS IT UP, IT CRUNCHING AND FLOPPING IN HIS HANDS.

ELEVEN:

I'm quick, no?

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Quick to kill!

ACE:

(DISAPPROVING) Very quick. Was that really necessary?

GABRIEL:

Yes! I do not want that thing running around.

ELEVEN:

Quite, because, who knows? It may have been dangerous. Probably not, but maybe. Still, that's not why I did it.

ACE:

Why then?

ELEVEN:

(WITH A SMILE) Who knows how long it'll take us to climb down these tunnels? We may run out of food before we get there!

FX. HE FLIPS THE INSECT OVER IN HIS HANDS.

ELEVEN:

And what these drumsticks lack in quality they make up for in quantity!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

28. INT. TREE PASSAGE.

FX. GABRIEL, ACE AND THE ELEVEN STILL DESCENDING. GABRIEL STOPS.

GABRIEL:

(EXHAUSTED) This is crazy, we should rest.

FX. THE OTHER TWO STOP, JUST AHEAD OF HIM. UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING LINES: THE TEARING OF VELCRO AS GABRIEL RETRIEVES HIS WATER FLASK, UNSCREWS THE LID AND TAKES A SWIG.

ELEVEN:

Well, yes, we could take a break I suppose. If you're tired.

ACE:

And you're not? (TO HERSELF) Some of us aren't as young as we once were.

ELEVEN:

Well, if you will insist on inhabiting bodies that crumble around you.

GABRIEL:

All this mad talk, as if you are not like us. As if this place is now not where we were.

ACE:

So you think you're still in that tree?

GABRIEL:

We are in the caves underneath it. I am not stupid. You pay, so I let you talk, I let you say what you like. (LAUGHS) But do not mistake that for my believing it.

ACE:

You might need to believe it.

ELEVEN:

You're wasting your time. Let it concentrate on breathing through its nose while the intelligent people do the grown up stuff.

ACE:

We may end up in a situation where his ignorance is dangerous. He needs to understand!

ELEVEN:

But he can't and he never will! So stop wasting time! Enough of a break, let's go!

FX. HE STARTS WALKING AGAIN, WE MOVE WITH HIM, THERE'S A LOW HUM, SOMETHING TRIGGERED, AND HE STOPS MOVING.

ELEVEN:

Ah...

ELEVEN: (THREE)
(CHILDISH, PETULANT) Oh no! Oh no!

ELEVEN:
(HISSING) Shut up, Three, get a hold of yourself.

FX. ACE AND GABRIEL MOVING DOWN THE TUNNEL BEHIND HIM.

ACE: (MOVING IN)
What is it?

GABRIEL:
That noise... It is a security device?

FX. THEY STOP.

ELEVEN:
It's fine. Just a typical Time Lord sense barrier. Give me your hand would you?

GABRIEL:
My hand?

FX. HE MOVES FORWARD.

ELEVEN:
Thanks.

FX. HE TUGS ON GABRIEL AND PULLS HIM PAST HIM.

ELEVEN:
(EFFORT) You go first for a minute, would you?

GABRIEL:
(RESPONSE TO STUMBLING AND THEN...)

FX. THE HUMMING BECOMES A LOUD PULSE.

GABRIEL: (FALLING AHEAD)
(SCREAM OF PAIN)

FX. WHOOSH SOUND, CUT TO.

29. INT. GATE CHAMBER. FLASH FORWARD.

FX. SLIGHTLY DREAMY ATMOSPHERE, WE'RE IN GABRIEL'S HEAD AS HE SUDDENLY EXPERIENCES A FLASH FORWARD IN TIME. WE'RE IN THE GATE CHAMBER THAT WE'LL REACH IN SCENE 35, AND WE PLAY A VERSION OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN SCENE 38, IT'S NOT QUITE THE SAME THOUGH SO RECORD BOTH.

GABRIEL:

Look at it! A face like boiled chicken! Cold. Wet. Horrible! You could just peel it from the bone, white and dead.

ELEVEN:

Dead? No, it's not dead, you on the other hand...

FX. EFFORT OF SHOVING GABRIEL AGAINST THE GATE, THE THUD AS IF HITTING THICK GLASS.

GABRIEL:

(SCREAMING) No! It's coming for me!

FX. THE SOUND OF ONE HAND HITTING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRIER, AS IF SOMETHING WERE COMING UP AGAINST THE GLASS WALL OF AN AQUARIUM FROM THE INSIDE. THE OTHER HAND HITS THE GLASS. THEN A SOUND LIKE SWAMPY, GELATINOUS LIQUID BEING BREACHED. HALF FLESHY TEARING, HALF SYRUPY BUBBLING. THEN THE DARK CITIZEN SPEAKS, A VOICE SO LIGHT, A WHISPER, AND YET LOUD ENOUGH TO RATTLE WINDOWS.

DARK CITIZEN:

Ssssoooo Warrrrrrmmmm.....

GABRIEL:

(SCREAMS) Nooooo!!!!!!

FX. WHOOSH! SUDDEN CUT BACK TO.

30. INT. TREE TUNNEL.

FX. WE CUT STRAIGHT BACK TO WHERE WE WERE, GABRIEL'S SCREAM NOW PETERING OUT HERE IN THE "NOW".

GABRIEL:

(SCREAM PETERS OUT)

ACE: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

What have you done? You just threw him through the barrier!

ELEVEN: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

What's the point in having a spare human if you don't use it? I wanted to make sure it was safe to keep going.

ACE:

Well, clearly it isn't. Gabriel? Gabriel are you OK?

GABRIEL: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

I was... Was... Somewhere else. There was a big window, looking out onto night. So dark... and then this thing appeared... so thin, so pale...

ELEVEN:

(IMPATIENT) Yes, yes, basic scanning barrier. Obviously it's slightly on the blink and experiencing temporal lag.

ACE: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

Temporal lag?

ELEVEN: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

Chronon buffer's out of sync, always a flaw in the model. Our guide will have had a little flash back.

GABRIEL:

This is not something I have ever seen before.

ELEVEN: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

Flash forward then, honestly, you people obsessing with time flowing in only one direction. It's nothing to worry about. See for yourself, Ms McShane.

FX. HE PULLS HER FORWARD.

ELEVEN:

(LAUGHING)

ACE:

(OVER THE TOP OF HIS LAUGHTER) Oi! Get off me you--

FX. WHOOSH SOUND, CUT TO.

31. INT. ACE'S APARTMENT, LOUNGE. FLASH BACK.

FX. LIKE SCENE 29, THIS SHOULD HAVE A SLIGHTLY DREAMY FILTER ON IT. OUTSIDE, MUTED, THE SOUND OF LONDON NIGHT, SIRENS AND TRAFFIC. THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES ON THE BALCONY OUTSIDE, AS MUTED AS THE TRAFFIC. ALONGSIDE THIS, IN THE ROOM NEXT DOOR WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF A MICROWAVE PINGING, POPCORN POPPING INSIDE. THE DOOR BEING CLUNKED OPEN AND THE POPCORN BAG BEING TAKEN OUT. ACE WALKS INTO THE ROOM, OPENING THE BAG OF POPCORN AND EATING FROM IT. SHE SINKS INTO THE SOFA WITH A SIGH.

ACE:

So... Loud and violent or syrupy and funny? Horror? Sci-fi? Award-winning? (BEAT) Or shall I just watch the Time Bandits again?

FX. A KNOCK ON THE WINDOW. DOUBLE-GLAZING DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

DOCTOR: (OFF)

Excuse me? Can I come in? It's a bit cold out here.

ACE:

(SURPRISED) Doctor! (NOT SURPRISED) Of course the Doctor. I finally get a night off, so what else would happen?

FX. THE DOCTOR STEPS IN.

DOCTOR:

Popcorn? I like popcorn. As long as it's sweet.

FX. HE SITS DOWN ON THE SOFA. REACHES FOR THE POPCORN, SHE SNATCHES IT BACK.

ACE:

It's salty. Get your own popcorn.

FX. GRABS A HANDFUL OF POPCORN FROM THE BAG. SHE EATS SOME.

DOCTOR:

Salty popcorn. I taught you nothing. (BEAT) Do you have time to help me save the universe?

ACE:

It's been twenty years since I last saw you! Twenty!

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Oh. That's alright. Saving the universe is like riding a bike, you'll soon get the hang of it again.

FX. WHOOSH! CUT TO.

32. INT. TREE TUNNEL.

FX. ACE STUMBLING TO A HALT NEXT TO GABRIEL.

ACE:

(EFFORT SOUNDS, DISORIENTATED, MUMBLING) Patronising... stupid....

ELEVEN: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

See? Perfectly alright? Flash back or flash forward?

ACE:

Hateful man, why don't you walk through it and find out for yourself?

ELEVEN:

Alright, I will!

FX. HE STEPS FORWARD. WHOOSH SOUND, CUT TO.

33. INT. PANOPTICON. FLASH FORWARD.

FX. DREAMY FLASH FORWARD. THE ELEVEN IS SAT IN HIS THRONE IN THE PANOPTICON. ON A LARGE SCREEN WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF TARDIS WEAPON FIRE, EXPLOSIONS, A GREAT SPACE BATTLE RAGING.

ELEVEN:

(CONTENTED SIGH) Ah... The Principality of Malmuzza falls. Such a pretty place, full of gleaming cathedrals, glittering palaces...

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) All of which I now own!

ELEVEN:

Well... those of them still standing at least.

FX. THE SOUND OF A COURT JESTER APPROACHING, SHUFFLING FEET, JINGLING BELLS.

ELEVEN:

Does it please the King's fool?

DOCTOR:

Not really, but then. so little does these days.

FX. WHOOSH! CUT BACK TO.

34. INT. TREE TUNNEL.

FX. THE ELEVEN COMES TO A STANDSTILL, THE HUM OF THE BARRIER TURNS OFF.

ELEVEN:

And there we go, the barrier has read us and, thanks to the fact that we're carrying the key... it's only too happy to let us through.

GABRIEL:

Happy? That was not something that felt happy.

ELEVEN:

Speak for yourself.

ACE:

Why? What did you see?

ELEVEN:

(REAL OOZE OF JOY) Pure bliss!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

35. INT. GATE CHAMBER.

FX. A CAVERNOUS ROOM. OFF, OUTSIDE THIS ROOM AND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THICK SAFETY GLASS, THE SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS, A LAVA-WORLD, A PLACE OF HEAT AND BUBBLING AND INCENDIARY WEATHER. THE ELEVEN, GABRIEL AND ACE ENTER, OFF, TO GIVE US A SENSE OF SCALE.

ACE: (FAR OFF)

OK, so... not so narrow anymore.

GABRIEL: (FAR OFF)

It is magnificent! The size of many cathedrals.

FX. WE MOVE IN ON THEM NOW.

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) It would make a reasonable storage room for some of my collection. Only some of it you understand. Perhaps my collection of trading cards.

ACE:

Because of course Nine likes to collect trading cards.

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREED, POSSESSIVE) I like to find all the rare ones, then tear them all up bar one. (GIGGLES)

ELEVEN:

And, if our guide is still insisting we're in a cave beneath a tree, what does he think of the view outside?

FX. GABRIEL MOVES A COUPLE OF PACES, THE SOUND OF THE FIREY WORLD OUTSIDE IS A LITTLE LOUDER.

GABRIEL:

(AWE) That is outside?

ACE:

Looks hot.

GABRIEL:

Sea of fire... explosions in the sky... Nothing could live out there, nothing... He was right, this truly is Hell.

ELEVEN:

Hell? This? Hardly.

FX. THE ELEVEN STARTS WALKING OFF.

ELEVEN:

This whole planet is just a cupboard to keep hell in. This way!

FX. HIS FOOTSTEPS ECHO AWAY.

GABRIEL:

Tell me true... Am I drugged? That cannot be another world on the other side of that window. It just... cannot.

ACE:

Why not? Because you don't believe in other worlds?

GABRIEL:

No... It is not quite that. I can believe in the concept. I can believe in the idea.

ACE:

Just not the practical, inarguable reality of...

FX. SHE STAMPS HER FOOT.

ACE:

Walking on one.

GABRIEL:

No, because... (GIVES UP) I don't know why.

ACE:

Because you are you. We all think we know who we are. The sort of person we are, the sort of things we do. For you, walking about on other planets is as impossible to imagine as... I don't know, playing jazz piano. It's just not something you were built to do. Your brain can't readjust your self-perception quickly enough to have it make sense.

GABRIEL:

And yet you... It does not surprise you at all.

ACE:

Gabriel, I was walking on foreign planets before you'd even mastered speaking.

(BEAT)

GABRIEL:

He killed me.

ACE:

Who?

GABRIEL:

Senor Eleven, in that moment when we saw other times. I saw him... I do not know... feed me to something.

ACE:

(STEEL) I won't let it happen.

GABRIEL:

When it comes to that, Signora Ace, neither will I.

(BEAT)

ACE:

Fair enough.

FX. SHE WALKS OFF.

ACE:

Come on, we shouldn't let him get too far ahead.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

36. INT. GATE CHAMBER.

FX. THE ELEVEN APPROACHES THE DARK GATE ITSELF, ITS PRESENCE GIVES OFF AN ALMOST SUBSONIC WAVE, A LOW THRUM, THE SENSE THAT JUST HAVING THIS THING IN THE WORLD IS ALMOST ENOUGH TO BREAK IT. AS IF GRAVITY IS FEELING SICK. HE ARRIVES, THE SOUND OF ACE AND GABRIEL APPROACHING BEHIND HIM.

ELEVEN:

And there you are. The threshold of something truly... (WITH RELISH) awful.

ELEVEN: (THREE)

(CHILDISH, PETULANT) I'm scared!

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) I'm already wondering where we can display it!

ELEVEN:

This isn't a piece of art to put on show, Nine.

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) A shame, it even comes in its own frame.

FX. ACE AND GABRIEL ARRIVE.

ACE:

Like a black mirror the size of a cliff. As gateways go it's practical, you could fly a fleet of ships through that.

ELEVEN:

Indeed you could. And those that live on the other side would dearly love to do so.

GABRIEL:

That is the thing... the thing I saw in my vision.

ELEVEN:

Good for you little piggie.

ACE:

(NUDGING THE ELEVEN) Those that live on the other side?

ELEVEN:

Yes, the citizens of the Dark Universe. (HAPPY SIGH) Oh, why not? We've got time. Let me tell you a little story.

ELEVEN: (THREE)

(CHILDISH, PETULANT) I love stories!

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) I like this one very much!

ELEVEN:

You would, Six, of course you would...

FX. WE SEGUE TO THE NEXT SCENE, THE SOUND OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT ON GALLIFREY.

37. INT. TIME LORD RESEARCH CENTRE.

FX. BURBLING EQUIPMENT, PEOPLE MOVING TO AND FRO. A LITTLE HIVE OF ACTIVITY. THE SOUND OF THE GATE, SOME WAY OFF.

ELEVEN: (V.O.)

Once upon a time, on a planet so very dull and so very full of itself. A team was charged with exploring alternate dimensions. Other universes. Other things to watch.

They spied on everything, the universes where everyone had time travel, the universes where the Time Lords never existed.

FX. OFF, THE SOUND OF A BIG SPACE BATTLE AS VIEWED THROUGH THE GATE, SO DISTORTED AND DREAMY.

ELEVEN:

The universes where the most violent species, the real dangers, Daleks, Cybermen... humans...

FX. THROUGH THE GATE, A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

ELEVEN:

The universes where those species came close to winning. To destroying all other life. The one thing all the despots dream of and yet never quite manage to achieve. The universe, after all, is essentially infinite.

FX. THE EXPLOSION FADES AND NOW THERE'S JUST SILENCE EXCEPT FOR THE SOUND OF THE GATE. THE SOUND GETS LOUDER AS WE DRAW CLOSER.

ELEVEN:

And then they discovered this universe. The Dark Universe. A place where one species had risen to such power, such unlimited, terrifying, beautiful authority... that they were the only species left. Imagine that. A species so powerful that they could literally destroy everything else. This handful of gods. A pinprick of all-consuming life at the heart of an empty, black universe.

FX. AN ALARM GOES OFF. PEOPLE START RUNNING.

TIME LORD:

We're being scanned! From the other side of the gate! They see us! They see us!

TIME LORD 2:

Security! We need the gate sealed now!

FX. GUARDS RUNNING TOWARDS THE GATE, STASERS CHARGING.

TIME LORD:

Shut down protocol engaged! Seal the gate! Seal the gate!

FX. A SUDDEN SURGE OF POWER AND THEN, REMINISCENT OF A TARDIS LANDING BUT MUCH, MUCH LOUDER, A SOLID *THUMP* AS THE GATE IS SEALED.

TIME LORD 2:

Gateway is sealed. Everyone stand down! We're fine.

ELEVEN:

Such confidence.

FX. SILENCE SETTLES ON THE ROOM AND THEN, A BONY KNUCKLE KNOCKS ON THE INSIDE OF A HEAVY GLASS WINDOW. THREE KNOCKS, PAUSES BETWEEN. A BEAT.

TIME LORD:

Was that...?

DARK CITIZEN:

Hello. We like your universe. (BEAT) Give it to us.

FX. A PULSING SOUND, LOW AND HORRIBLE, THE SORT OF SOUND THAT MIGHT BE WEAPONISED AND CAUSE PEOPLE TO RUPTURE.

TIME LORD WILDTRACK:

(LOTS AND LOTS OF SCREAMS)

FX. THE SOUND FADES AS WE SEGUE BACK TO THE GATE CHAMBER.

38. INT. GATE CHAMBER.

FX. A BEAT OF SILENCE.

ACE:

They got through?

ELEVEN:

If they'd got through none of us would ever have been born. No. But, en masse, they were powerful enough to reach out, even beyond the barrier and kill everyone in the room.

GABRIEL:

(STARTING TO PANIC) So they could kill us now!?

FX. THE DOCTOR APPROACHES, FLANKED BY A GROUP OF THE TRIBES PEOPLE.

DOCTOR: (MOVING IN)

Of course they could, but that would be boring.

ELEVEN:

Doctor!

ACE:

What are you doing here?

FX. THE DOCTOR AND PARTY STOP.

DOCTOR:

I rather hoped I could convince my friends here not to interfere, but...

TRIBE LEADER:

This is our duty. This gate, our curse. You will all leave, or you will die.

GABRIEL:

Yes! Let's leave! I would really like to le--

FX. THE ELEVEN GRABS HIM.

ELEVEN:

(EFFORT) Leave? Never.

GABRIEL:

Get off me! (SUDDEN REALISATION) I have seen this! Please!

ELEVEN:

Seen this? Oh good... then you'll stop struggling and accept the flow of causality.

ACE:

Put him down!

FX. SHE COCKS HER RIFLE.

DOCTOR:

No Ace, no guns!

FX. THE SOUND OF LASERS CHARGING ALL AROUND HIM.

ACE:

Tell them that!

TRIBE LEADER:

You will step away from the gate. Your presence will attract the monsters within.

ELEVEN:

Good! That's exactly what I want! Idiot!

TRIBE LEADER:

You have no idea what you're doing. My friends... With regret, shoot them.

DOCTOR:

No! Please no!

FX. THE SOUND OF THE LASERS POWERING DOWN. THE VOICE OF THE DARK CITIZEN, QUIETER, MOVING IN.

DARK CITIZEN: (MOVING IN)

No. No guns.

ELEVEN:

They're coming! They're coming!

ACE:

No!

FX. THE SOUND OF HER RIFLE CLICKING ON A DEAD BULLET, SHE COCKS IT, AGAIN IT DOESN'T FIRE.

DARK CITIZEN: (MOVING IN)

No. No guns.

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) There! Can you see it! Coming up towards us!
(MAD LAUGH)

ACE:

It's as if it's swimming.... rising up through black water...

DOCTOR:

The darkest matter of all...

TRIBE LEADER:

What have you done? You stupid people, what have you done?

GABRIEL:

But look at it! A face like boiled chicken! Cold. Wet. Horrible! You could just peel it from the bone, white and... and (REALISES THIS IS WHAT HE SAID IN HIS VISION, THEN QUIET) dead. Oh no... this is when it happens...

ELEVEN:

Dead? No, it's not dead, you on the other hand...

FX. EFFORT OF SHOVING GABRIEL AGAINST THE GATE, THE THUD AS IF HITTING THICK GLASS.

GABRIEL:

(SCREAMING) Please no! Please!

FX. THE SOUND OF ONE HAND HITTING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARRIER, AS IF SOMETHING WERE COMING UP AGAINST THE GLASS WALL OF AN AQUARIUM FROM THE INSIDE. THE OTHER HAND HITS THE GLASS. THEN A SOUND LIKE SWAMPY, GELATINOUS LIQUID BEING BREACHED. HALF FLESHY TEARING, HALF SYRUPY BUBBLING. THEN THE DARK CITIZEN SPEAKS, A VOICE SO LIGHT, A WHISPER, AND YET LOUD ENOUGH TO RATTLE WINDOWS.

DARK CITIZEN:

Ssssoooo Warrrrmmm.....

GABRIEL:

(SCREAMS) Nooooo!!!!

DOCTOR:

There's no need for this, Eleven, let him go!

FX. BUT GABRIEL IS PULLED INSIDE, THE SCREAM CUT OFF.

ELEVEN:

A gift. The first of many. And all I want in return is this universe.

DARK CITIZEN:

You'll open the gate?

ELEVEN:

But of course.

ACE:

If you do that you destroy everything, come on, don't be stupid. Think!

ELEVEN:

Either this universe is mine or... it's nobody's...

DARK CITIZEN:

Yess!!!! (LAUGHS)

FX. A HUGE SWELLING SOUND, REMINISCENT OF THE NOISE HEARD IN SCENE 37.

DOCTOR:

Oh no... What have I done? I didn't think he would actually...

TRIBE LEADER:

It is the end of everything, old man, the end of everything.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'm afraid it is.

FX. THE SWELLING SOUND REACHES FULL PITCH AND THEN WE ABRUPTLY CUT TO SILENCE. NO THEME MUSIC, JUST SILENCE FOR A WHOLE, LISTENER BAFFLING, SHOCKING MINUTE. (AND THEN, WE RUN INTO THE SOUNDTRACK SUITE ON THE CD, PART THREE ON THE APP/DOWNLOAD.)

EPISODE THREE:

(NO REPRISE)

39. INT. CAPITOL VAULT.

FX. A HUGE VAULT ROOM, THE DOCTOR WALKS TOWARDS US, HE JANGLES BECAUSE HE'S WEARING A JESTER'S COSTUME. AS HE DRAWS CLOSE HE SUDDENLY FLIPS, SOMERSAULTS, LANDS AND RATTLES A TAMBOURINE, FINISHING WITH A SMACK ON THE SKIN OF IT.

DOCTOR:

I say, I say, I say... Have you heard the one about the Dark Universe? (BEAT, DARK) It's a tragedy.

MUSIC: THEME.

40. EXT. THE PLANET ROX.

FX. DESERT ATMOS, BUZZING FLIES. THINGS SCUFFLING IN THE DUST. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF A WEIRD CREATURE GALLOPING TOWARDS US FROM THE RIGHT, A REPTILIAN HORSE WITH TOO MANY LEGS. AS IT PASSES BY US IT GIVES A STRANGE, THROATY WHINNY. IT FADES OFF TO THE LEFT.

MUSIC: PRETEND ENNIO MORRICONE, RUNNING UNDER THE ABOVE AND CARRYING US THROUGH TO OUR NEXT 'PROPER' SCENE:

41. EXT. THE PLANET ROX.

FX. OLLISTRA AND RASMUS ARE SAT OUT IN THE DESERT. THE CREAK OF THEIR FOLD OUT CHAIRS, THE SOUND OF THEIR TETHERED, REPTILIAN HORSES, SLIGHTLY OFF. THE BUZZING OF INSECTS.

OLLISTRA:

The planet Rox.

RASMUS:

Yes Cardinal.

OLLISTRA:

With an 'x'.

RASMUS:

Yes Cardinal.

(BEAT)

OLLISTRA:

I wonder, does the 'x' exist purely so it wasn't quite so obvious that they named this place after its dominant feature?

RASMUS:

People will try to be clever, Cardinal.

FX. WE CAN HEAR THE REPTILE HORSE FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE APPROACHING AT A GALLOP.

OLLISTRA:

I suppose it could be worse. We could be waiting on the planet Duzt. With a 'z'. I'm not sure I could bear that.

RASMUS:

Indeed, Cardinal. She's here.

OLLISTRA:

I can see that, Captain. There's little else to look at after all.

RASMUS:

Sorry, Cardinal.

FX. THE REPTILE HORSE ARRIVES, THE RIDER DISMOUNTS. WALKS OVER, HEAVY BOOTS IN THE DUST.

OLLISTRA:

Thank you for coming. I apologise on behalf of the planet we're sitting on but it was almost impossible to find somewhere that might be outside his ability to eavesdrop.

FX. THE RIDER IS ACE AND SHE HAS A SCARF WRAPPED AROUND HER FACE TO KEEP HER FROM SWALLOWING DUST.

ACE: (MUFFLED)

I understand.

FX. SHE STARTS UNWRAPPING THE SCARF.

ACE: (MUFFLED, BECOMING CLEAR)

Scarf or no scarf, I think I've swallowed half of it on the ride over from the space port.

OLLISTRA:

The advantage of a TARDIS. We can bypass all the dull immigration policies. Frankly, I'm surprised they have any. I suspect I met the most intelligent indigenous species earlier. It was trying to ferret my ration pack out of my bag. I stepped in the remains of its last great declaration.

ACE:

Cardinal Ollistra, still drier than the soles of my boots.

RASMUS:

Ms Ace.

ACE:

'Ms'? Please don't. Professor will do. Who are you anyway?

OLLISTRA:

This is Captain Rasmus, you can trust him as much as you do me.

ACE:

Oh, well that's me having lost all hope.

OLLISTRA:

Beggars can't be choosers anymore I'm afraid, what's left of the High Council is... well, currently talking to you.

ACE:

Things are that bad?

OLLISTRA:

Look around the Universe, Ace, things are catastrophic. In the six months since the Eleven came to power the landscape has become all but unrecognisable.

RASMUS:

It's not all bad news, at least he finally wiped out the Daleks.

OLLISTRA:

By feeding the entire Seventh Galaxy to the Darkness, yes. Have you any idea how much that will have strengthened them? Then there's the Cybermen...

ACE:

He's wiped them out too?

OLLISTRA:

No, he's altered their programming, they've become foot soldiers for him in his mad plan to control the whole universe. (SIGHS) The whole universe. Absurd.

RASMUS:

The scope of his control is terrifying. When he has the assistance of a species so powerful they can alter reality itself...

ACE:

They can do that?

OLLISTRA:

You hadn't noticed?

ACE:

When you're at ground level it's hard to know what's happening with the big picture. I've just been running, for months, trying to get hold of you. Well, Romana, but...

OLLISTRA:

She was one of the first to fall, yes. The Dark Citizens were temporally active, as they grew in power in their own universe that skill increased. When you control the time lines, utterly, you control reality. You just manipulate at the right point to create whatever outcome you wish. That's how they wiped out all life in their own universe.

RASMUS:

And how, if he lets them out, they'll wipe out all life in this.

ACE:

He hasn't released them?

OLLISTRA:

He can't have done, we're all still here. (SIGHS) And presumably the Doctor is still with him?

ACE:

I think so.

RASMUS:

It hardly matters, what's the life of one Time Lord in our current situation? With regret, the Doctor's not worth saving.

ACE:

Why do you think I got hold of you in the first place? Of course he's worth saving!

OLLISTRA:

Yes, of course he is. Read your history books, Rasmus, before we're consigned to them as a barely remembered postscript. If you want to win... Make sure you're standing next to the Doctor. I presume we know where he is?

ACE:

Wherever the Eleven calls home.

RASMUS:

Cardinal, please, as much as I appreciate the nobility of the effort, we can't fight there, he's too powerful.

OLLISTRA:

Rubbish, it's about time we took back what's ours. (BEAT) Time to invade Gallifrey.

MUSIC: SEGUE, REMINISCENT PERHAPS OF THE GALLIFREY THEME.

42. INT. CAPITOL CORRIDOR.

FX. THE ELEVEN MARCHING TOWARDS US. ON MIC, A ROBOT TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS, ITS HYDRAULIC LEGS WHEEZING. IT'S BIG, BULKY, A WAR DROID. IT'S PROGRAMMED WITH THE PERSONALITY OF THE SIX.

SOUND DESIGN NOTE: GALLIFREY IS NOW FULL OF DROIDS PROGRAMMED WITH THE ELEVEN'S DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES, THEY SHOULD ALL HAVE A ROBOTIC FILTER BUT ALSO BE DISTINCT AS TO THEIR FUNCTION. EG. THE WAR DROIDS HERE SHOULD HAVE BIG, BOOMING, TANKS OF VOICES. CLEANING DROIDS SHOULD BE TINNY AND CHEAP, ETC.

ELEVEN DROID (SIX)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Squad!

FX. A WHOLE SQUAD OF THESE WAR DROIDS COMES TO ATTENTION. AS THE ELEVEN WALKS PAST.

ELEVEN:
Yes, yes, very nice! Now go and shoot something, I'm busy!

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) You have anything in particular you want us to shoot? Kill! KILL!

ELEVEN: (MOVING OFF)
Look at the map, if I don't already own it, invade it.

FX. OFF, A DOOR OPENS, THE ELEVEN ENTERS, WE CROSS TO INSIDE THAT ROOM.

43. INT. CAPITOL VAULT.

FX. THE ELEVEN ENTERS, THE DOOR CLOSING BEHIND HIM. A MORE LITHE ROBOT WALKS INTO STEP ALONGSIDE HIM.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Lovely, lovely, lovely... I still haven't finished cataloguing everything. The spoils of war! So delicious!

ELEVEN:
I don't care about all that, there's only one thing in here that concerns me.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) They're not happy.

ELEVEN:
Of course they're not. What dog ever relishes the leash around it's throat?

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Are you sure this is the right thing to do? If we antagonise them too much...

ELEVEN:
What's the alternative? Let them out? You think we'd last a yoctosecond then?

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) I suppose not. And then what would happen to all my lovely things?

ELEVEN:
Precisely, so go and dust some of them while I talk to the darkness.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) If you insist.

FX. HE HURRIES OFF. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF THE GATE NOW, GETTING LOUDER AS THE ELEVEN APPROACHES A FEW MORE PACES AND THEN STOPS.

ELEVEN:
Hello? (BEAT) Are you sulking? Really? I would have thought you were above such things. (BEAT, HE SIGHS) Really sulking... You're acting like I haven't treated you well! (BIG, ANGRY) I've given you whole solar systems! Whole galaxies!

(BEAT, THEN FINALLY)

DARK CITIZEN:
We want more....

ELEVEN:

Of course you do, who doesn't? And you'll get it. I just have all of creation to dominate first, bear with me.

DARK CITIZEN:

It could all be yours in a matter of moments. Just release us. We would hand it to you as a gift.

ELEVEN:

Just before destroying me? No thanks. It takes a despot to know a despot. You couldn't bear sharing your own universe with anyone else, why would I imagine you'd share this one with me?

DARK CITIZEN:

We can be kind.

ELEVEN:

Really? I've yet to see any sign of that. No... I think I'll carry on dominating the slow way now, thank you. You gave me a foot up the ladder...

DARK CITIZEN:

We gave you half the universe!

ELEVEN:

Indeed, and I'll take the other half myself. It makes you appreciate things more if you have to earn them. (BEAT) Although...

DARK CITIZEN:

You want something. Of course you want something.

ELEVEN:

And I'll pay for it, as always. I'm having slight problems with the Sontarans.

DARK CITIZEN:

All the battle fleets of Gallifrey, all manned by versions of yourself, your most psychotic, violent self... And still you cannot wipe them out?

ELEVEN:

Have you seen how many of them there are? Never pick a fight with a clone species, they're hatching millions of the repellent little punch dwarves every few hours. (BEAT) You could have them all. Imagine the power that would release, a whole species, boom... (CLICKS HIS FINGERS)

DARK CITIZEN:

Hardly invigorating when compared to a whole galaxy. But... very well.

ELEVEN:

But understand me! You do this and you do it purely for the pleasure of it! I owe you nothing more, this isn't a contract of debt!

DARK CITIZEN:

We understand.

(BEAT)

ELEVEN:

(IMPATIENT) Well?

DARK CITIZEN:

It is already done. It takes only a thought.

ELEVEN:

(QUIET, AWE) The whole species, gone, wiped out... Just like that. (TURNING THEIR BATTLE SONTAR-HA! INTO A DEADPAN LAUGH) Sontar ha ha. (SNAPS BACK INTO HIMSELF) Right! Thanks for that! Best be off, wars to be fought...

FX. HE TURNS ON HIS HEEL AND MARCHES OFF. A BEAT.

DARK CITIZEN:

He thinks he owns us. (BEAT) He will learn...

MUSIC: SEGUE.

44. INT. PANOPTICON.

FX. BIG DOUBLE DOORS OPEN IN THIS GRAND HALL, FROM THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WE CAN HEAR MORE WAR DROIDS STANDING TO ATTENTION.

ELEVEN DROIDS: (SIX) (OFF)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Atten-SHUN!

FX. THE ELEVEN ENTERS. WALKING QUICKLY TO HIS THRONE.

ELEVEN:
I do wish they'd stop doing that, it makes me jump every time.

FX. HE SITS DOWN IN HIS THRONE.

ELEVEN:
(SIGHS, RELAXING) Right... What to do next? (BEAT) It's so quiet in here.

FX. THE SOUND OF THE DOCTOR IN HIS JESTER'S OUTFIT MOVING TO THE ELEVEN'S SIDE.

DOCTOR:
Perhaps you should install a jukebox.

ELEVEN:
I was referring to my head.

DOCTOR:
Well, if you will have the Dark Citizens evict your other personalities...

ELEVEN:
They've all been put to good use.

DOCTOR:
Robot staff. I always think that says a lot about a ruler, robot staff.

ELEVEN:
They're a fan of efficiency?

DOCTOR:
They can't trust a living soul not to depose them.

ELEVEN:
As if anyone dare try. Besides, not all of my staff are robots. (BEAT) I have you. Fool.

FX. THE DOCTOR JANGLES.

DOCTOR:
I prefer the term Jester.

ELEVEN:

I insist on the term (WITH VENOM) fool. You like the outfit then?

DOCTOR:

It can a bit tiring. I'm used to sleeves with a little less enthusiasm.

FX. HE JANGLES AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

Still, at least I can always hear myself coming. How are things in the business of universal domination?

ELEVEN:

I just wiped out all of the Sontarans. The Dark Citizens did it.

FX. CLICK OF HIS FINGERS.

ELEVEN:

Just like that. Amazing.

DOCTOR:

(REAL LOATHING) Contemptible.

FX. THE ELEVEN GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT. JANGLE OF BELLS.

ELEVEN:

(EFFORT OF GRABBING HIM)

DOCTOR:

(CHOKED RESPONSE)

ELEVEN:

I keep you here to be funny. And the one thing I'd find funnier than anything is having you turned into a rug. So watch yourself.

FX. HE LETS GO, WITH ANOTHER JANGLE RESPONSE.

DOCTOR:

(GASPING FOR AIR) You'll learn... All this power... You can't keep it... Nobody could...

ELEVEN:

Oh shut up, do a jig for me or something, your opinion bores me.

DOCTOR:

So kill me then.

ELEVEN:

No. I'm waiting for the point when you'd really like that. When you could bear nothing less. (BEAT) Then I'll keep you alive for another century or so. Now dance!

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS)

FX. THE DOCTOR STARTS TO DANCE.

MUSIC: COURTLY, JESTER MUSIC, TWISTED, NIGHTMARISH SEGUEING INTO SOMETHING MORE MILITARISTIC AS THE LASER GUNS AND SWOOPING SHIPS FROM THE NEXT SCENE CUT THROUGH THE SOUND MIX.

45. EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE/INT. SHIP COCKPIT.

FX. THE SHRIEK OF A SHIP SWOOPING THROUGH THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE, LASER FIRE SURROUNDING IT. WE MOVE TO INSIDE THE SHIP.

OLLISTRA:

You'd think they weren't open to visitors.

ACE:

There's a war on, what do you expect?

RASMUS:

(EFFORT OF FLYING) Hold on! There's a gap in the defence perimeter just ahead... If I can just...

FX. WE MOVE TO OUTSIDE FOR A SECOND AGAIN, THE SHIP SWOOSHING PAST US AND THE LASER FIRE SUDDENLY STOPPING AS THE SHIP FADES AWAY. WE CUT BACK TO INSIDE.

RASMUS:

There, we're past them, and the shield is just about intact.

ACE:

Who knows how long for? I'm sure our descent must be lighting up security systems somewhere.

OLLISTRA:

Maybe, maybe not... Let's hope the Eleven's forces are too busy ransacking the place to be minding the fence.

FX. RASMUS PRESSING BLEEPING BUTTONS.

RASMUS:

As far as I can tell it was an entirely automatic perimeter.

ACE:

Like everything else, it seems. It's not like he's employing actual soldiers. It's all droids, drones and battle TARDISES.

OLLISTRA:

Ah! How nostalgic! I used to love fighting wars against robots, all the shooting but none of the tedious apologising.

ACE:

I can't imagine you apologising to anyone you'd killed.

OLLISTRA:

That's the boring dance of politics for you, one does have to justify every bullet, explain every bomb.

RASMUS:

Well, not today. Reports insist we're looking at purely robotic opposition.

ACE:

Let's hope they're not programmed to be excessively butch... I always did hate the war droids that were programmed to be excessively butch.

CUT TO.

46. INT. MUSEUM.

FX. SUDDEN DOUBLE PULSE OF A LASER.

MALE SECURITY GUARD: (OFF)
(DEATH SCREAM)

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY POSSESSIVE) Stop running around screaming and cough up the Gainsboroughs! I'm on the clock here! (TO HIMSELF) Honestly, so many planets to ransack, so much treasure to appropriate. It fair makes a droid ache in the servos.

FX. HE FIRES AGAIN, OFF, A WINDOW SHATTERS.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY POSSESSIVE) Seriously! I'm going to need to see some masterpieces right here, right now!

FX. WHIRR OF HIS HYDRAULIC ARM AND THE PRESS OF A BUTTON, NOW WE HAVE A REGULAR, LOW BLEEPING.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY POSSESSIVE) Let's see if this gets your meaty little limbs moving. You're on a countdown! This trigger is linked to a Planet Splitter. In... (CHECKS) just under twenty minutes, this whole planet is dust in the solar winds, unless... (EXTRA LOUD) I see teams of panicking people bringing me gilt-framed loveliness double quick!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

47. EXT. SKY ABOVE RAVAGED PLANET/INT. COCKPIT.

FX. AGAIN, ESTABLISHING MOMENT OF THE SHIP FLYING THROUGH THE AIR. THEN WE MOVE INSIDE.

RASMUS:

Look at it down there. Little but rubble and soot.

OLLISTRA:

Give the Eleven's strike team it's due, it's efficient. That's a whole planet reduced to a statistic in a matter of hours.

ACE:

(GRIM) No need to sound like you're impressed.

OLLISTRA:

Impressed? I'm actually terrified, and I assure you, that's not something I make a habit of. (QUIET) I'm beginning to wonder if we can pull this off.

ACE:

This is the easy bit. We get in there and we steal a pre-programmed battle TARDIS.

RASMUS:

(SARCASTIC) Easy.

ACE:

If you know of another way of getting past the transduction barrier, we're all ears. You know as well as I do that only the Eleven's ships can land on Gallifrey, so...

OLLISTRA:

(SNIPPY) We need one of the Eleven's ships, yes, we do know the problem, thank you! I've been fighting battles like this since before your entire genetic thread was a twinkle in evolution's eye!

ACE:

Then stop fretting and take us in!

FX. A BEEPING ALERT FROM THE CONSOLE.

RASMUS:

Oh no...

ACE:

What now?

RASMUS:

Sensors are picking up the activation of a Planet Splitter.

OLLISTRA:

A Planet Splitter? They've been outlawed for centuries!

ACE:

Let me guess, more horrible Gallifreyan dark technology?

OLLISTRA:

With a name like Planet Splitter? Don't be ridiculous, if the Time Lords had invented it would be labelled something far more pompous and obscure. The Death Egg of Rassilon, the Bountiful Boom of The Other... I believe it was actually humans who created them, at some point in their eightieth century. Naturally we popped forward, stole them all and locked them away in the vault.

ACE:

The vault that the Eleven now has access to. Great.

RASMUS:

Judging from the build up in destron particles, we've got about fifteen minutes until this whole planet goes up.

ACE:

Fine. so we have ten minutes to get this done. Find the closest Battle TARDIS and bring us down!

FX. WE CUT BACK OUTSIDE TO HEAR THE SHIP WHOOSH AWAY.

48. INT. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. THE JANGLE OF A TAMBOURINE, A FLOURISH FROM THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

A fool thinks himself to be wise, a wise man knows he's a fool.

(BEAT) I wonder which I am? I wonder if it matters? Which gets you further in this universe? Hmm?

(SIGHS)

I'm so glad we're talking again. I really do think this is the best you know. (BEAT) You see... I'm a fool with a plan.

FX. HE TAPS HIS TAMBOURINE RHYTHMICALLY, THE SOUND MERGING WITH:

MUSIC: SEGUE.

49. EXT. COURTYARD.

FX. OFF, LASER FIRE, STRAFING THE GROUND AROUND ACE, OLLISTRA AND RASMUS. THEY SKID TO A HALT.

RASMUS:

Keep to cover! There's too many of them on the balcony, we'll never cross the open ground alive.

ACE:

We can't just crouch here we have eight minutes left on the clock!

OLLISTRA:

(SIGHS) I do love a tight schedule. If you have any useful plans, feel free to mention them.

FX. ACE PULLS SOMETHING FROM A VELCRO-ED POCKET.

ACE:

How about a couple of cans of nostalgia? They may not have enough impact to destroy the droids but they should certainly throw them for a few seconds, maybe long enough for us to get to the entrance,

RASMUS:

Explosive?

OLLISTRA:

You always did like blowing things up. It's mentioned in your file.

ACE:

You must show me this file if we get out of here.

OLLISTRA:

So you can blow it up?

ACE:

Rasmus, my throwing arm isn't what it used to be, reckon you can get these cans up there?

RASMUS:

I can certainly try.

FX. THE POP OF TWO DEODORANT CANS HAVING THEIR LIDS REMOVED.

ACE:

Quick as you like, I never was much cop with a timer.

FX. RASMUS THROWS THE CANS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER IN QUICK SUCCESSION.

RASMUS:

(EFFORT OF THROWING).

FX. THEY LAND, HIGH, OFF.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE) (OFF)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Ooh... Silver... They look shiny...

FX. BIG EXPLOSION.

ACE:
Run!

FX. THEY DO. WE CUT TO.

50. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR.

FX. WAY OFF, THE SOUND OF RUNNING, SCREAMING AND GUN FIRE.

MUSEUM STAFF WILDTRACK:

(GENERAL PANIC, FLEEING, DYING).

FX. A DOOR OPENS, OFF, OLLISTRA, ACE AND RASMUS ENTERING AND RUNNING TOWARDS US ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

ACE: (OFF, MOVING IN)

This place... The smell...

RASMUS: (OFF, MOVING IN)

Carbon, ozone and barbecue.

OLLISTRA: (OFF, MOVING IN)

The smell of war, get over it! There's the ship.

FX. THEY ARRIVE WITH US. RASMUS PULLING A GADGET OUT OF A VELCRO-ED POUCH ON HIS BELT.

RASMUS:

This should get us in, there hasn't been a TARDIS lock I haven't been able to crack with it.

FX. THE GADGET STARTS BEEPING.

ACE:

You lose your keys that often?

OLLISTRA:

Renegades and their ships. Lunatics, monks, degenerates and Doctors, we've broken into a lot of TARDISES in our time. It's a very useful gadget.

FX. THE TARDIS DOOR OPENS, A DROID LEANS OUT.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Then I definitely want it.

FX. BLAST OF STASER FIRE.

RASMUS:

(PAINED RESPONSE AS HE'S SHOT)

ACE:

Rasmus!

FX. OLLISTRA FIRES HER STASER. SPARKS AS THE DROID IS HIT.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Ha! There isn't a staser in circulation that could beat my shielding. (BEAT) Actually... that hurt...

OLLISTRA:

Specialist weapon. Commissioned it myself. One of a kind.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Ooohhh!!!! I want it.

OLLISTRA:

You can have it.

FX. BLAST OF STASER FIRE, THE DROID ERUPTS IN SPARKING.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Ah!!!!

FX. IT FALLS "DEAD" TO THE FLOOR.

ACE:

Rasmus... are you OK?

RASMUS:

(PAINED) Staser jacket took the brunt of it. I'll live. In agony.

FX. OFF, ANOTHER DROID APPEARS.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE) (OFF)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Get away from my lovely TARDIS!

FX. IT COMES RUNNING TOWARDS THEM.

ACE:

May I?

OLLISTRA:

By all means.

FX. SHE HANDS OVER THE STASER.

ACE:

Thank you... I presume it's still here for the power setting?

FX. SHE TWISTS A DIAL, A BUILD UP OF ENERGY. SHE FIRES. OFF, THE DROID EXPLODES.

OLLISTRA:

That was stupid and wasteful, you've emptied the cartridge, it'll take five minutes to recharge.

ACE:

But satisfying, I've been waiting six months or so for a chance to fight back properly.

RASMUS:

Well, here's not where we do that. Get inside and set the controls for Gallifrey before they realise this ship's in enemy hands.

FX. THEY ENTER, THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM. WE CUT TO INSIDE.

51. INT. BATTLE TARDIS.

FX. THEY CROSS TO THE CONSOLE, OLLISTRA STARTS PROGRAMMING THE CO-ORDINATES.

ACE:

How are we doing for time?

RASMUS:

Tight, this place goes up in under a minute.

ACE:

(SO SAD) And there's nothing we can do?

OLLISTRA:

We're doing it. What was this planet called anyway? I didn't think to check.

ACE:

Of course you didn't. It was Earth.

FX. WE CROSS TO BACK OUTSIDE.

52. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR

FX. RUNNING TOWARDS US, THE ELEVEN DROID WE MET EARLIER, THE REGULAR BEEPING OF THE PLANET SPLITTER TRIGGER BUILDING AS IT GETS CLOSER.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE) (OFF, MOVING IN)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) (STRAINING TO CARRY THINGS, OUT OF BREATH)
Ha! Ha! So many... lovely... lovely... things...

FX. THE TARDIS STARTS TO DEMATERIALISE.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE) (MOVING IN)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) What! No! No!

FX. IT SPRINTS TO US AS THE TARDIS VANISHES. IT STOPS. A BEAT. THEN IT DROPS ALL OF ITS PAINTINGS, A FEW METALLIC CLANGS OF PRECIOUS SILVER OBJECTS.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Well now, don't you think you can get away with stealing my stuff! No chance! Just you wait until I catch up with--

FX. THE PLANET SPLITTER ALARM HITS ONE LONG NOTE OF "THAT'S YOUR LOT."

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)
(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Oh.

FX. WE SEGUE WITH THE SORT OF HUGE ERUPTION THAT SELLS THE DESTRUCTION OF A WHOLE PLANET, A SOUND THAT BUILDS AND ROARS AND FINALLY MORPHS INTO THE SOUND OF A TAMBOURINE AS WE SEGUE INTO:

53. INT. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. THE RATTLING TAMBOURINE. THE DOCTOR STRIKES IT.

DOCTOR:

And thus, the whirligig of time brings his revenges. (BEAT) I loved that planet. Loved it. It had sunsets and Yorkshire puddings, Shakespeare and Agatha Christie. I don't hate easily, I really don't... (ANGRY GROWL) But we need to talk about the Eleven. This cannot be allowed to stand.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

54. INT. PANOPTICON.

FX. A STASER GUN FIRES, OFF, WE HEAR A STATUE FALL OVER. ANOTHER STASER GUN SHOT, ANOTHER FALLING STATUE.

ELEVEN:

(SIGHS) I'm bored. I'm taking over all reality and I'm still bored. I'm beginning to think there must be something seriously wrong with me. (SHOUTS) Fool!

FX. FIRES AGAIN, STATUE FALLS OVER.

ELEVEN:

(SHOUTS) Fool! Where are you?! I'm rapidly running out of both statues and patience!

FX. FIRES AGAIN, STATUE FALLS OVER.

ELEVEN:

Take that Rassilon you bearded old tafelshrew. (REALLY SHOUTS) Fool!!!

FX. OFF, A DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR COMES RUNNING IN WITH CONSIDERABLE JANGLING.

ELEVEN:

Where have you been? Did I say you could go anywhere?

DOCTOR:

(OUT OF BREATH) I was getting my bells polished.

ELEVEN:

Seriously, where have you been? I'm not feeling particularly trustful at the moment.

DOCTOR:

I was getting something to drink. That's allowed surely?

ELEVEN:

I'll grant you a sip a day, just to keep you moist. (NARROWS HIS EYES) You weren't plotting?

DOCTOR:

Who have I got to plot with? The hired help is all robotic and all you, and, last I heard, you'd destroyed most of the rest of the universe.

ELEVEN:

Quite. So stay by my side. There's nothing you can do anywhere else. Nobody else you can turn to.

DOCTOR:

(SLIGHTLY KNOWING) Absolutely. I don't imagine there's anyone left who has the vaguest intention of fighting you.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

55. INT. CAPITOL CORRIDOR.

FX. THE STOLEN BATTLE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. A BEAT, THE DOOR OPENS, ACE, OLLISTRA AND RASMUS EXIT.

ACE:

We're in, I'd recognise that dull, pearlescent grey wall anywhere.

OLLISTRA:

Polarfrey grey. It's supposed to be relaxing.

ACE:

Well it isn't, it's dull.

FX. THEY START WALKING UP THE CORRIDOR.

ACE:

How's the bruising?

RASMUS:

My muscles are screaming from neck to belly but I'll survive.

ACE:

I doubt that, I doubt any of us will.

FX. SUDDEN ERUPTION OF THE ALARM. FROM ALL AROUND THEM DROIDS APPEAR.

OLLISTRA:

No! How did they know we were here?

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) You're breathing! The rest of us don't need to.

ACE:

Shoot them!

OLLISTRA:

It still hasn't recharged, thanks to you!

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Not a problem for us! Kill them! Kill all three of them!

FX. THE GUARD DROIDS ERUPT INTO PSYCHOTIC GLEE ALL OVER THE STEREO.

ELEVEN DROIDS: (SIX) (WILDTRACK)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Yes!/ Kill them! / (MAD LAUGHTER)

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

EPISODE FOUR:

56. INT. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. THE DOCTOR SLOWLY WALKS "INTO" THE SCENE.

DOCTOR:

In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.

(BEAT) And some just break all the rules and drag greatness around themselves, like a naughty dog hogging all the duvet.

(BEAT) It can't stand... This has to end. Now.

MUSIC: THEME.

57. INT. CAPITOL CORRIDOR.

[REPRISE:

FX. THE GUARD DROIDS ERUPT INTO PSYCHOTIC GLEE ALL OVER THE STEREO.

ELEVEN DROIDS: (SIX) (WILDTRACK)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Yes!/ Kill them! / (MAD LAUGHTER)

END OF REPRISE, SCENE CONTINUES.]

FX. A SUDDEN ERUPTION OF NOISE AS AN ARMY OF CLEANING DROIDS STORM THE CORRIDOR, THEY'RE PULLING SMALL METAL TANKS, LIKE OVERSIZE HENRY HOOVERS.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)
(DECENT, HONEST) Let 'em have it! Full pressure!

FX. THE SOUND OF SOMETHING GLOOPY BEING SPRAYED AT THE GUARD DROIDS, IT'S CLEARLY ACIDIC, LOTS OF HISSING AND SMELTING AND DRIPPING AND YELLING.

ELEVEN DROIDS: (SIX) (WILDTRACK)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) No!/ What is it? / (SCREAMS) - EVENTUALLY PETERS OUT THROUGH GROANS AND DEATH SIGHS.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)
(DECENT, HONEST) Scouring agent, melts through anything that's not temporalised crystal... we use it to clean the Panopticon dome.
(LOUD) That's enough!

FX. THEY ALL STOP SPRAYING.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)
(DECENT, HONEST) Yes, that'll do. We've made a right mess though, the supervisor won't be happy.

ACE:
Well, we are!

RASMUS:
The smell!

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)
(DECENT, HONEST) I know, bit ripe isn't it? Trust me though, you need something with a bit of fizz if you want to get the dome gleaming.

OLLISTRA:
So, you're all cleaning droids?

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)

(DECENT, HONEST) That's right, I'm the Eight, pleased to meet you. I'm the decent one, the exception that proves the rule.

RASMUS:

There was a nice regeneration of the Eleven?

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)

(DECENT, HONEST) I didn't last long.

ACE:

Neither would we without your help. Now, let's not squander it, we need to find the Eleven and deal with him.

OLLISTRA:

(SARCASTIC) Thank you, I would have quite forgotten without your reminding me. Need I remind you that I'm the Cardinal here?

FX. A SOFT BEEP FROM HER HANDGUN.

OLLISTRA:

Aha! And my staser's fully charged, so between your cleaning army and my -- frankly better smelling -- weapon we stand a chance of getting somewhere.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)

(DECENT, HONEST) Happy to help. For as long as the scourer lasts of course, the Eleven's not generous with his budget.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

58. INT. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. THE SOUND OF THE GATE, THE ELEVEN STORMING IN. AND BANGING ON THE "GLASS".

ELEVEN:

Come on, I know you're watching... Let's see your pasty little face shall we?

DARK CITIZEN: (MOVING IN)

We are not your pet... A dog to be called when you wish to play.

ELEVEN:

I've just heard that a whole fleet of battle TARDISES have been destroyed on the edge of Galaxy 4.

DARK CITIZEN:

Indeed.

ELEVEN:

You mean to tell me that a whole fleet couldn't deal with a handful of Drahvin ships? I smell a rat, baldy.

DARK CITIZEN:

You think we interceded?

ELEVEN:

I think you'll do whatever you can to convince me I should let you out!

DARK CITIZEN:

You want our power and yet you insist on keeping us imprisoned.

ELEVEN:

I've fed you whole species! Parsecs of occupied space! There are dark holes on the map now, huge empty swathes where your hunger has been satiated.

DARK CITIZEN:

No... Never satiated. These things have been nothing. Just enough to subsist. We are used to destroying whole universes! You try and impress us with planets? We will help you, we will destroy all opposition... but first you will have to grant us our freedom.

ELEVEN:

Much use that would be, I'd be the first on the menu, I have no doubt about that.

DARK CITIZEN:

You think too small. Why would we care about you? We'd let you live, master of this universe, while we explored dimensions new.

ELEVEN:

Master of an empty universe!

DARK CITIZEN:

(SOFT, HYPNOTIC) They are the easiest to control. We thought to spare some. A few galaxies here and there, solar systems that interested us. But they always fought. Always. Kindness is rarely rewarded in this life. Eventually we had to kill them all. Every last living thing. The peace... Oh! You cannot imagine the bliss of solitude. (BEAT) Let us out, let us show you!

ELEVEN:

(LULLED SLIGHTLY, BUT PULLING HIMSELF TOGETHER) Bliss... No! I don't think so. If I have to dominate this place on my own then I'm more than capable.

DARK CITIZEN:

We know the future. That is our gift. Would you like to share in our gift? Would you like a taste of tomorrow?

ELEVEN:

Depends what it costs, knowing you lot you'll want a whole solar system just for a couple of enigmatic, hissed sentences.

DARK CITIZEN:

We tell you this as friends... Your rule?

(BEAT)

ELEVEN:

(IMPATIENT) Well?

DARK CITIZEN:

It ends today.

(BEAT)

ELEVEN:

We'll see about that.

FX. HE WALKS AWAY, OFF, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING AS HE LEAVES. A BEAT.

DARK CITIZEN:

Today.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

59. INT. PANOPTICON.

FX. THE DOOR OPENS, THE ELEVEN STORMING IN.

ELEVEN: (MOVING IN)

Get me the four hundred and eleventh!

FX. A CRACKLE AND THEN THE SOUND OF ONE OF HIS DROIDS COMING THROUGH THE SPEAKERS.

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX) (D.)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) What do you want? We're busy killing!

FX. THE ELEVEN SITS DOWN ON HIS THRONE.

ELEVEN:

You'd better be, the last I heard the Krasi had you on the run!

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX) (D.)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Run? Us? Never!

FX. THROUGH THE SPEAKERS WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF A SMALL EXPLOSION AS THE DROID'S TARDIS IS HIT.

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX) (D.)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL)(SHOUTING, OFF) Well? Fire back you cowards! Kill them! Kill all of them!

ELEVEN:

So the occupation of Krasi space is going well then?

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX) (D.)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Yeah, yeah... Going absolutely... (SUDDEN PANIC) Incoming! Ah!!!!!!

FX. THE SOUND DISTORTS AS WE HEAR THE TARDIS DESTROYED. A SQUEAL, CRACKLE, THEN SILENCE.

ELEVEN:

(SIGHS) Six months. That's all I had. Six months of real power before the rot set in.

FX. THE DOCTOR SLOWLY APPROACHING, HIS SUIT JANGLING.

DOCTOR: (MOVING IN)

That's more than many get.

ELEVEN:

Hello fool, spare me the pretence that you care.

DOCTOR:

Care whether you succeed in destroying the majority of the universe? Oh I care about that very much...

ELEVEN:

You know what really worries me?

DOCTOR:

I dread to think.

ELEVEN:

The boredom. I'm the dominant lifeform in the universe. I rule over infinite space. Know what I feel?

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Nothing.

ELEVEN:

Nothing. What does that say about me?

DOCTOR:

You're a monster, a gestalt of monsters, boiling away in a brain that's too clever to be safe but too stupid to succeed. You're not well, Eleven. You never were.

ELEVEN:

You're saying I'm mad?

DOCTOR:

I'd rather not use such a useless and unhelpful world.

ELEVEN:

Patronising fool. I'm the one who's ill? Look at you! You're no better! Blowing up Skaro! Wiping out Vervoids! Picking fights with lunatic demigods! You're just as twisted as I am, you just cheat and pick on the easy targets. Nobody cares if you're caught punching a Dalek, do they?

DOCTOR:

I try and help. You just want to destroy because you feel angry. It's not everyone else's fault you can't be happy, Eleven, stop taking it out on the rest of us.

ELEVEN:

How dare you! You of all people, give me that sort of cod-psychological guff. You're not talking to one of your wet-brained little human pets now! Right... Just for that I'm letting them out.

FX. THE ELEVEN GETS TO HIS FEET.

DOCTOR:

(SHOCKED) What?! You can't!

ELEVEN: (WALKING OFF)

I can do what I want. Say whatever else you like about me but that's really all you ever need to know: I do whatever I want!

FX. THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Wait! There's no need! If you want to win this pointless fight you can do it without them.

FX. THE ELEVEN PAUSES IN THE DOORWAY. A BEAT. HE WALKS BACK.

ELEVEN:

Tell me more!

MUSIC: SEGUE.

60. INT. CAPITOL CORRIDOR.

FX. A FLURRY OF STASER FIRE AND THE SPRAY OF CHEMICAL FROM ONE OF THE CLEANING DROID'S MACHINES. THE HISS AND SPARKING OF A STRUCK DROID, OFF.

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX) (OFF)
(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Ah!!!!

FX. IT FALLS OVER, DEAD.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT) (D.)
(DECENT, HONEST) That's me all out of scourer I'm afraid.

ACE:

And there's still bound to be plenty of opposition between us and the vault.

RASMUS:

You say that, am I the only one who's surprised how few guards we've encountered.

OLLISTRA:

Typical idiotic despot, he's spread himself too thinly. Most of his forces are out there, invading, attacking, destroying.

ACE:

Leaving himself undefended here? That doesn't seem like the Eleven.

OLLISTRA:

What other explanation is there? The three of us, alongside a gaggle of cleaning droids, have got this far. Frankly, we shouldn't have done, but you don't see me complaining, lets press the advantage while we still have it.

ACE:

It just seems... Unlikely...

FX. WE CROSS TO THE VAULT.

61. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. THE HUM OF THE GATE. THE SOUND OF ONE OF THE DARK CITIZENS TAPPING AGAINST THE "GLASS".

DARK CITIZEN:

Unlikely? (LAUGHS) Soon they come. Soon we will be free.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

62. INT. PANOPTICON.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) I really shouldn't be doing this....

FX. THE ELEVEN GRABS HIM, A JANGLE OF HIS SUIT.

ELEVEN:

Don't waste my time! Either you have an idea that can help me or you don't. Right now I am minutes away from opening the Dark Gate and to hell with the consequences.

DOCTOR:

To hell with us all. (TAKES A DEEP BREATH, DECIDING TO GO ON) The Dark Citizens have no more power than we do.

ELEVEN:

What are you talking about? Idiot! Of course they do! Look at them! They can alter reality itself!

DOCTOR:

Only by manipulating the time lines.

ELEVEN:

You say that like it's simple! The time lines controlling every single event? Every single outcome? The variables are almost infinite! To be able to process, let alone influence, that much data...

DOCTOR:

It really is just crunching the numbers. We have exactly the same resources they first did.

ELEVEN:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

The Matrix, the largest data processing system in the universe. A system so complex it may as well be a universe of its own.

ELEVEN:

They had the Matrix? The Dark Citizens?

DOCTOR:

Of course they did. (BEAT) Oh... I thought you knew. The dominant species in that universe, the Dark Universe, the most dangerous species creation has ever known... It's us.

ELEVEN:

They were Time Lords?!

DOCTOR:

Of course. Who else could be quite so evil? So manipulative? (QUIET, MOSTLY TO HIMSELF) It really is what we do best.

WE CROSS TO A FLASHBACK, THE ATMOS OF SCENE 29 FADING UP.

63. INT. ACE'S APARTMENT.

FX. MAJOR ECHO ON THIS FIRST MOMENT, THE FLASHBACK BOUNCING INTO PLACE. ACE GRABS A HANDFUL OF POPCORN FROM THE BAG. SHE EATS SOME.

DOCTOR:

Salty popcorn.

FX. THE ECHO STOPS, THE FLASHBACK LOCKING INTO PLACE.

DOCTOR:

I taught you nothing. (BEAT) Do you have time to help me save the universe?

ACE:

It's been twenty years since I last saw you! Twenty!

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Oh. That's alright. Saving the universe is like riding a bike, you'll soon get the hang of it again.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

It's the Time Lords. They're not doing what they need to do.

ACE:

Tell me something new. You know what they're like, atrophying in their ivory towers. Observing, observing, observing...

DOCTOR:

But that's always been an act. Gallifrey gets involved all the time. The Celestial Intervention Agency? The clue's in the name.

ACE:

So what is it you want them to intervene with this time?

DOCTOR:

The Eleven.

ACE:

My memory's not what it was. Remind me who they are.

DOCTOR:

Who he is. Well... (SIGHS) Pronouns, always a peril for Time Lords. Unlike most of us, his previous regenerations live on inside his head. Not as memories, as actual personalities.

ACE:

Sounds crowded.

DOCTOR:

Bar one reasonable, kindly, man it's a skull full of terrors. Psychotics, kleptomaniacs, conmen. He must be stopped.

ACE:

Mustn't they all?

DOCTOR:

What do you mean?

ACE:

Well, what makes him so special? This universe is filled with dangerous people. Why him? Why now?

DOCTOR:

I honestly think he's the most dangerous. The things he's done, the things he's willing to do. The Master? The Rani? The Player? They all have their reasons. Even at their worst, there is a sense of restraint that the Eleven lacks.

ACE:

Restraint? Not a word I would use for the Master.

DOCTOR:

The Eleven would destroy us all. Every last one of us. On a whim. He's capricious. Uncontrollable.

ACE:

If he's that dangerous why haven't they stepped in already?

DOCTOR:

Because he hasn't proved quite how dangerous he could be. Not yet.

ACE:

So you want to stop him before he does?

DOCTOR:

Not quite, I want to help him.

FX. THE LAST TWO WORDS ECHO. WE CROSS TO THE PANOPTICON VAULT.

64. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. OFF, THE DOOR OPENS. ACE, OLLISTRA, RASMUS AND THE CLEANING DROIDS ENTERING.

ACE: (OFF)

This the place? Looks big enough.

OLLISTRA: (OFF)

The Panopticon vault, where every item of worth is kept.

RASMUS: (OFF)

Item of worth or objects of lethal power.

OLLISTRA: (OFF)

There's a difference?

FX. THEY START TO MOVE IN. THE SOUND OF THE GATE GETTING CLOSER AS THEY APPROACH.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT) (MOVING IN)

(DECENT, HONEST) Since the occupation of Gallifrey, this place has been filling up. He sends Nine Droids out to pillage the dominated worlds.

ACE: (MOVING IN)

We met some.

OLLISTRA: (MOVING IN)

We stole from them.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT) (MOVING IN)

(DECENT, HONEST) (CHUCKLES) I can only imagine how angry that made them.

FX. THEY'VE ARRIVED.

OLLISTRA:

I hadn't seen it. The gate. It's...

ACE:

Big? Isn't it just.

RASMUS:

There's an atmosphere, as if the air is charged.

FX. A SUDDEN THUNK OF ONE OF THE DARK CITIZENS COLLIDING WITH THE GLASS AS IT EMERGES.

DARK CITIZEN:

Charged... Yes... With potential.

ACE:

Handsome aren't they?

DARK CITIZEN:

We have passed beyond such concerns.

ACE:

Yeah, well I haven't, so put a mask on would you? You're making me feel sick.

DARK CITIZEN:

Ah... She tries to sound brave. As if she dismisses us. As if she is crude and simple and doesn't know exactly how much danger she's in.

ACE:

Not that much danger though, eh?

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)

(DECENT, HONEST) I wish I believed that.

ACE:

We'll be fine.

DARK CITIZEN:

Will you?

FX. A SOFT WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE ROOM AND THE CLEANING DROIDS START TO SHAKE.

OLLISTRA:

What's that?

RASMUS:

A breeze?

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)

(DECENT, HONEST) (QUIVERING) I don't feel so...

FX. THE SOUND OF ALL THE CLEANING DROIDS FALLING APART, A CLATTER OF METAL, A FIZZ OF SPARKS.

ACE:

What did you do?

DARK CITIZEN:

Whatever we wanted, as usual. Don't think you're safe. You are whatever we wish you to be in any given moment.

ACE:

There was no need.

DARK CITIZEN:

They were just robots. Metal boxes that dreamed of life. You are real. (BEAT) But we will kill you just as easily. A thought, that is all it takes, an instant in which you will simply never have been. Or where you will have aged beyond all reason, grease and dust falling from crumbling, powdered bone.

ACE:

No you won't. Because you helped us get this far didn't you? Ever since Earth, you've been making sure we could get to Gallifrey, be a threat to the Eleven.

DARK CITIZEN:

To the Eleven? To someone, certainly. It is useful to us. We wish to force a decision upon him. A decision we like. But you are a threat to nothing else.

OLLISTRA:

I'm not sure how I feel about being used as a bargaining chip, a way of forcing someone's hand.

RASMUS:

I'd rather that and be alive than the alternative.

ACE:

(LOW) Besides, however we got here, we did get here, we can make a difference.

DARK CITIZEN:

No. No difference.

FX. THE ALARM GOES OFF.

ACE:

Run!

FX. THEY START TO RUN.

ACE:

Get out of--

FX. A STRETCHING SOUND, A PAUSE BUTTON HIT ON THE WORLD. THEY SUDDENLY FREEZE, ACE'S VOICE CUTTING OUT.

DARK CITIZEN:

Frozen. Yes. A card that we wait to play.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

65. INT. MATRIX ROOM.

FX. GENERAL HUM OF EQUIPMENT. (CF. THE DEADLY ASSASSIN EP 3) A SMALL, EXTRA CREAKY (IE. PLAYING UP ITS 'AGED' CHARACTER) DROID MOVES IN. THE DOCTOR IS WORKING SLIGHTLY OFF, OCCASIONAL SOUNDS OF SONIC SCREWDRIWER, OCCASIONAL BURSTS OF SPARKS. THE DROID TAPS A HEADSET BUILT INTO A BENCH.

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) Ah... look at that. Matrix interaction headset. The hours I'd spend when working in here. Plugging myself into one of those and going for a wander.

ELEVEN:

Never mind all that. Will it work?

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) Of course it'll work, this is the Matrix you're poking at, you'll end up with an information network so complex that it will be able to predict any situation. It's hardly the first time something like this has been attempted.

ELEVEN:

It isn't?

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) Of course not. He's put two similar machines out of action that I know of.

DOCTOR: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

Well, they were hardly on this scale. The Quantum Possibility Engine, for example, could only predict events within the tiniest of controlled environments.

ELEVEN:

How tiny?

DOCTOR: (SLIGHTLY OFF)

Earth's solar system.

ELEVEN:

(DISMISSIVE GRUNT) What's the point of that? Little more than a pocket calculator.

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) The Time Lords of this universe once considered using the Matrix like this. They designed a unit to operate it, the Heavenly Paradigm. They didn't activate it though. If they had, they would mostly likely have ended up similar to our friends in the vault.

ELEVEN:

What stopped them?

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)
(FUSSY, OLD) Rassilon, in a strangely sensible mood.

ELEVEN:
Well! I'm up for anything that bore ruled out. How soon can it be made to work?

DOCTOR: (SLIGHTLY OFF)
I'm nearly there now. Most of the work is already done. It's just a case of making it ask the right--

FX. SPARKS

DOCTOR:
Ow! (BLOWS ON HIS FINGERS) Questions....

FX. ON A CONSOLE, AN ALARM SOUNDS.

ELEVEN:
What's that?

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)
(FUSSY, OLD) The vault. Intruders.

ELEVEN:
Intruders? Here? Since when?! Put them on screen. How could they have got as far as the vault without anyone bothering to tell me?

FX. THE DROID PRESSES A SEQUENCE OF BUTTONS. A SCREEN TURNS ON.

DOCTOR:
(RECOGNISING WHO IT IS) Oh no...

ELEVEN:
Ms McShane! Well now, I wonder which one of us she missed the most, eh? Who are the other two? They look boring.

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)
(FUSSY, OLD) That is Cardinal Ollistra and Captain Rasmus.

ELEVEN:
See? I told you, boring... Oh well, I suppose we'd better get down there.

FX. A FINAL BLAST OF THE SONIC, THE SOUND OF THE INSTRUMENTS IN THE ROOM SHIFTS SLIGHTLY, JUST A DIFFERENT PITCH TO SELL THE FACT THAT SOMETHING INTRINSIC HAS CHANGED.

DOCTOR:
All done, it'll take five minutes or so to recalibrate though.

ELEVEN:
Excellent, time to kill a few intruders then.

FX. A DOOR OPENS AND HE MARCHES OUT.

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) Well? Don't just stand there looking miserable, I have work to do.

DOCTOR:

Miserable? Yes... (SIGHS)

FX. HE WALKS AFTER THE ELEVEN, JANGLING.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

66. INT. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. HUM OF THE GATE. OFF, THE DOOR OPENS AND THE ELEVEN MARCHES IN, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR, ALL JANGLING BELLS AS ALWAYS.

ELEVEN: (MOVING IN)

Caught some intruders have you, my anaemic friends?

DARK CITIZEN:

Yes. We thought you may have a use for them.

ELEVEN: (MOVING IN)

Not really, kill them.

DOCTOR: (MOVING IN)

No! There's no need for that, they're no possible danger to you.

FX. THE ELEVEN ARRIVES. THE DOCTOR SHORTLY THEREAFTER.

ELEVEN:

No possible use, either. I do so hate clutter.

DARK CITIZEN:

We shall release them.

FX. ACE, OLLISTRA AND RASMUS SUDDENLY START MOVING, ACE FINISHING HER LINE FROM EARLIER.

ACE:

[Let's get out of] here! (PENNY DROPS) Oh.

FX. THEY STOP RUNNING.

OLLISTRA:

The Eleven.

FX. SHE FIRES HER STASER.

ELEVEN:

(SLIGHT SQUAWK OF PANIC) Ah!

DARK CITIZEN:

No, we will not allow that.

ELEVEN:

I should hope not.

DARK CITIZEN:

Or perhaps we should? Perhaps then you would be forced to do as we wish?

FX. A BLEEP OF A COMMUNICATOR ON THE ELEVEN'S WRIST (CF. ANDRED IN INVASION OF TIME). THE ELEVEN ANSWERS BY TAPPING IT.

ELEVEN:

Yes?

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) The system is now online.

ELEVEN:

Excellent. (TO THE DARK CITIZEN) In which case, you pale and insignificant little earthworm. Do your worst.

DARK CITIZEN:

We could make her kill you, you know.

OLLISTRA:

(PAINED RESPONSE)

ACE:

What are you doing?

OLLISTRA:

Nothing! But my arm! It's moving on its own.

DOCTOR:

Both of you, stop it! There's no need for any of this!

OLLISTRA:

(PAINED CRY)

FX. THE SOUND OF THE STASER.

RASMUS:

No! (DEATH GROAN)

FX. RASMUS FALLS OVER.

ACE:

You shot him! Why would you shoot--

FX. THE STASER FIRES AGAIN.

ACE:

(DEATH CRY)

ELEVEN:

You see, I have a little power of my own now. Anything you can do...

OLLISTRA:

(PAINED EFFORT) Please.. I don't want to...

ELEVEN:

Goodbye, thanks for your help.

FX. FINAL STASER SHOT.

OLLISTRA:

(DEATH SIGH)

FX. SHE FALLS OVER. ELEVEN TAPS HIS COMMUNICATOR.

ELEVEN:

Now, One, push the final advance! I want every last corner of this universe under my control.

ELEVEN DROID: (ONE)

(FUSSY, OLD) Certainly, sir. May I say what a pleasure it is to be able to help?

ELEVEN:

Of course you may.

FX. A DROID WALKS UP TO THE ELEVEN, SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE.

ELEVEN DROID: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) And everything I stole, everything we took from every planet. It's all yours you know. All yours.

FX. ANOTHER DROID.

ELEVEN DROID: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) (SINGS) And when I kill! I kill for you!!!

ELEVEN:

(PENNY DROPPING) Oh no...

FX. ANOTHER DROID APPROACHES.

ELEVEN DROID: (EIGHT)

(DECENT, HONEST) Want me to clean your boots for you? I'll have them so shiny you'll be able to see all our faces in them.

ELEVEN:

Since when was I ever nice to myself?

DOCTOR:

Ah... And there we have the truth of you, eh?

ELEVEN:

I'm in the Matrix aren't I? (SCREAMS) Doctor!!!!

FX. THE SCREAM ECHOES AND WE USE THE SOUND TO SEGUE BACK TO THE REAL WORLD.

67. INT. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. THE ELEVEN COMES TO WITH A GASP, SITTING UP, A HEAVY PAIR OF MANACLES ON HIS WRISTS AND ANKLES JANGLING.

ELEVEN:

(DEEP BREATH ON WALKING) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Hello.

ELEVEN:

I'm still here, still in the vault.

DOCTOR:

Ah, well actually, you were just dragged here. By the archivist robot.

FX. THE ROBOT STEPS FORWARD AND SPEAKS WITH THE DOCTOR'S VOICE.

DOCTOR DROID:

Re-programmed naturally.

ELEVEN:

But... But... At what point did I...? (FLOUNDERING)

DOCTOR:

The minute you left the Matrix chamber. From that moment on your body was unconscious and your mind dreaming.

FX. ACE STEPS FORWARD.

ACE:

And what sick little dreams you no doubt had.

FX. OLLISTRA AND RASMUS STEP FORWARD.

RASMUS:

We're closing this sickening, pathetic government down.

OLLISTRA:

Consider yourself deposed.

ELEVEN:

No! You can't do this to me! Not after everything I've done! Everything I've achieved!

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid we can.

FX. OLLISTRA LEANS DOWN AND GRABS HIM.

OLLISTRA:

Now come here, time you were locked away for good.

FX. A SUDDEN SCUFFLE, A CLICK AS HER STASER IS STOLEN BY THE ELEVEN. SHE'S SHOVED.

OLLISTRA:

(RESPONSE TO BEING SHOVED)

ELEVEN:

(EFFORT OF SHOVING)

FX. SOUND OF STASER CHARGING UP.

OLLISTRA:

(ANGRY AT HERSELF) Stupid... He's got my staser.

ELEVEN:

And only too happy to use it.

FX. STASER BLAST, IT HITS THE MANACLES.

ELEVEN:

There, you had me in irons for all of a matter of seconds. Good for you.

DOCTOR:

Don't shoot! This is absurd, please! It's all gone too far, Eleven, you must know that.

DARK CITIZEN:

He could shoot your friends at any moment, Doctor. Any moment...

DOCTOR:

And wouldn't you just love that? Force my hand?

ELEVEN: (NINE)

(GREEDY, POSSESSIVE) Stop talking to them! They're mine! Mine!

ELEVEN: (SIX)

(CRAZED, MANIACAL) Kill them! Shoot them!

ELEVEN: (THREE)

(CHILDISH, PETULANT) Make it all alright again! Make it fun!

ELEVEN:

Oh no!

DOCTOR:

They're back aren't they? A mind full of voices. All screaming. All arguing. All shouting at the one person they hate more than any other. (BEAT) Themselves.

ELEVEN:

No! No!

FX. HE RUNS TOWARDS THE GATE.

OLLISTRA:

Doctor... he's going to open the gate!

ACE:

This isn't how we planned it Doctor, what should we do?

RASMUS:

You planned it like this?

ACE:

Well...

DOCTOR:

Of course I did.

FX. WE CROSS TO THE ELEVEN. HE BANGS ON THE GLASS.

ELEVEN:

I've decided! I just don't care anymore! You can have it!

FX. A BLEEP FROM THE CONTROL ON HIS WRIST.

ELEVEN:

There! I've opened the gate! Do you worst! Take it all!

(BEAT)

DARK CITIZEN:

No.

FX. THE DOCTOR WALKS UP.

DOCTOR:

If I may? The controller?

FX. HE TAKES IT OFF THE ELEVEN, THE SOUND OF A PLASTIC BRACELET BEING REMOVED.

ELEVEN:

Why? I don't understand? I'm giving you what you wanted! I've opened the gate. Why don't you...? (FLOUNDERS)

DOCTOR:

Maybe they've had a better offer.

DARK CITIZEN:

(VERY QUIET) We will hold you to your word We will remember.

DOCTOR:

(VERY QUIET) As will I.

FX. HE PRESSES A BUTTON AND THE GATE CLOSES AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

Did someone say something about locking this man up?

MUSIC: SEGUE.

68. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HIGH SECURITY CELL.

FX. THE DOCTOR WALKS UP.

DOCTOR:

I thought I might have a word.

OLLISTRA:

Did you now? I think you've done enough, don't you?

DOCTOR:

Quite enough to justify letting me in. Who was it that beat him? Who was it that convinced the Dark Citizens to reverse some of the damage caused?

OLLISTRA:

Some of the damage, yes.

DOCTOR:

Most of the damage. Including reinstalling your High President. Your superior. Who is happy for me to be allowed in.

OLLISTRA:

Got your precious Earth back too, didn't you?

DOCTOR:

And the Daleks and the Cybermen, swings and roundabouts. (BEAT)
Now open the door.

OLLISTRA:

(SIGHS)

FX. SHE OPERATES A SWITCH THAT OPENS THE DOOR. THE DOCTOR WALKS THROUGH.

69. INT. HIGH SECURITY CELL.

[THE OPENING OF THE FIRST SCENE FROM DOOM COALITION 1. THE ELEVEN:

FX. FOOTSTEPS ON METAL CORRIDOR COME TO A STOP. CONTROLS ARE ACTIVATED. A CELL DOOR SLIDES OPEN: THE ELEVEN IS RESTRAINED ON A VERTICAL RACK.

ELEVEN:

Come to gloat, Doctor?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

On the contrary. I came to see if there's anything you wanted to say. Any final words. Before they freeze you.

ELEVEN:

How very humane. Gallifrey's come a long way since the days of molecular disintegration as a form of... reprimand.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

I'll convey your appreciation to the President.]

MUSIC: SEGUE.

70. INT. PANOPTICON VAULT.

FX. ACE WALKING UP TO THE DOCTOR.

ACE: (MOVING IN)

I might have known you'd be here.

DOCTOR:

Oh, just crossing my 't's, dotting my 'i's.

FX. ACE ARRIVES.

ACE:

(SAD) Terrible.

DOCTOR:

The Dark Universe? What the Eleven did?

ACE:

What we did.

DOCTOR:

It's all worked out for the best.

ACE:

Has it? There are still areas of the universe left dark! Still whole civilisations wiped out!

DOCTOR:

(SAD) I know... I had hoped we could roll back all of the damage.

ACE:

You hoped! That's not good enough, Doctor! Not good enough at all!

DOCTOR:

I can't control everything, Ace! As hard as I try, I just can't! The Eleven had to be stopped and this seemed the only way to do it.

(BEAT)

ACE:

I can't believe you. Even now, you're lying. To me. Even now.

DOCTOR:

What do you mean?

ACE:

This wasn't just about stopping the Eleven. It was about doing a deal with them!

FX. OFF, THE SOUND OF A DARK CITIZEN, THUMPING AGAINST THE GLASS.

ACE:

You saw an opportunity to get them on your side, whatever it took, and you went for it! Because you've always got another plan, haven't you? Always looking to the bigger picture? Always playing one step ahead? Well look at them! Look at the monsters you're taking sides with!

DOCTOR:

Taking sides? Hardly that...

ACE:

You're as bad as he is. The Eleven. It's you who needs stopping. You!

FX. SHE STORMS OFF.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER HER) Ace! Please!

FX. OFF, THE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, ACE HAS GONE.

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) She'll understand, one day she'll understand.

DARK CITIZEN:

One day. Your day. It is coming soon, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

My day? (DEADPAN) Hooray.

DARK CITIZEN:

Your last day. The day you die. Soon.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Fine, at least then I'll be able to have some rest.

FX. HE WALKS OFF. THE DOOR, OFF, OPENS AND CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

DARK CITIZEN:

The Last Day. Soooooon....

MUSIC: TITLES.